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Harry Rotter and the Goblet of Spunk Fifty Grades of Shit Death to Spies Christ Gives Good Head

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INTRODUCTION

Following on from the great success of our previous collection of magazine articles written by Crowley—see *Aleister Crowley & The International*—we are pleased to present another collection, albeit much smaller as he only contributed a comparatively minor amount to *Vanity Fair*. This was whilst he was residing in New York during the years of the First World War.

The reader is referred to the comprehensive introduction to the previous volume where the circumstances for Crowley's situation at the time have been adequately covered, suffice to say here that he was having to write to earn an income, having squandered most of his inherited fortune by the time he went over to the States.

'All this time, I had been getting into deeper water financially. I had intended, when I left England, to conclude my special business in New York within a fortnight.' (*Confessions*, p. 765.) He could not return to England as his assumed sale of books fell through. So he had to seek an alternative source, and writing, which had always been his mainstay, provided the perfect opportunity to keep him off the streets as there were plenty of magazines available for submitting articles to, from which one could earn a modest income.

Around ten years earlier, Crowley had contributed a few articles to the English version of *Vanity Fair*. For instance, in 1908 he wrote an article, entitled 'Vain Tale, With a Madman on the Alps,' where he attacked the Alpine Club, having had a quite negative experience after his unsuccessful attempt to climb Kangchenjunga, with another further eight articles ('The Expedition to Chogo-Ri') following the same year. Then he finished it by lambasting his old acquaintance, Somerset Maugham, in 'How to Write a Novel! After W. S. Maugham,' which was written under the pseudonym Oliver Haddo—the name of the hero of Maugham's novel *The Magician*, clearly based on Crowley himself—in which he disclosed the author's flagrant plagiarisms of various magical texts.

These articles do not concern us in this work as we are only focusing on his stay in America, from 1914 to 1919, and his contributions to the American version of *Vanity Fair*. This was a monthly magazine which centred on popular culture, fashion, and current affairs. It has often been described as 'an American society magazine,' the sort you would expect to see lying around on coffee tables of respectable households. *Vanity Fair* was published by Condé Nastran under the editorship of Frank Crowninshield, and ran from 1913 to 1936. It was hugely successful until the advent of the Great Depression where sales started to decline, forcing it to merge with *Vogue* magazine in 1936. However, it was revived in the 1980's and is still going strong today, with a circulation of over a million, as well as a digital version, with a constantly updated website and an archives section.

Crowley started contributing to the magazine in its heyday in 1915, and would continue to contribute on a sporadic basis for the next two years. At the same time he was also working for *The International* which he effectively took over when he assumed its editorship in August 1917. Obviously, this took up much of his time. It would eventually lead to the cessation of articles for *Vanity Fair*, the last being in October of that year.

In the summer of 1915 he was practising astrology and doing horoscopes, and fairly successfully: he could tell what sign a person was born under, apparently, just by looking at them.

'I made a great impression on Frank Crowninshield, editor of *Vanity Fair*. I was in form that night and told everyone exactly right. He realized it could not be guessing.' (*Confessions*, p. 765.)

He had nothing but praise for Crowninshield who, after various editorial posts, including one time editor of *The Bookman* (between 1895-1900) and other roles, before going on to edit *Vanity Fair* (from 1914–35) where he turned it into a sophisticated and slick journal concerning society and the arts. And it seems the same admiration was reciprocated by the editor as he wrote a short article on Crowley (see Appendix) under the pen-name Arthur Loring Bruce. There is also another interesting fact regarding the two men: they both died the same year, in 1947, with Frank Crowninshield only three years older than Crowley.

'I was nearly down and out, when I got an introduction to the editor of *Vanity Fair*, a perfectly charming man, who reminded me

not a little of Austin Harrison. He was, however, extremely intelligent and understood his business thoroughly. In a couple of years he had pulled the paper up from nothing to one quarter of a million. He treated me, through some inexplicable misunderstanding, as a human being and asked me to write for him.

'I began with an account of a baseball game as seen by a professor from the University of Peking. This was followed up by a series of Hokku. This is a Japanese verse form. It contains three lines totalling seventeen syllables. I modified this by introducing regular meter, the first line dactyl-spondee, the second line spondee-dactyl-spondee, and the third dactyl-spondee. A Hokku must contain a very definite finely chiselled idea or rather, chain of ideas. Such is the strict rule, but one is allowed a certain degree of latitude.

'The first line announces the subject of the meditation; the second the moral reflection suggested thereby, and the third some epigrammatic commentary. For instance:

BUDDHISM

I am a petal Darkling, lost on the river Being–Illusion.

We analyse this as follows: In saying "I am" one implies that one is only a detached derelict in the darkness of ignorance, whose essential quality is the illusion of existence.' (*Ibid.*, pp. 765-6.)

Actually, Crowley errs here. The first article he is referring to is 'Vampire Women' which appeared in the edition of July 1915. It is indeed written in a series of Hokkus. But this was supposedly written by 'Kwaw Li Ya, the Chinese poet,' i.e. Crowley's version of his own name in Chinese, and an identity he assumed during his travels through China in 1905. Crowley later published some articles on Asian poetry under the name of Kwaw Li Ya, the Pekinese professor of poetry. The other article on the baseball game (in August 1915) is written from the point of view of a Hindu, not the professor from Peking, and was submitted under the pseudonym Mahatma Sri Paramananda Guru Swamiji. It is a satirical swipe at the game and its 'worshippers,' or audience members, who revere it like a religion.

Crowley then goes on to say, 'I became a frequent contributor to *Vanity Fair*. I can never be sufficiently grateful to Frank Crowinshield for his kindness and patience. My association with him is the one uniformly pleasant experience of dealing with editors that I can quote. He always took pains to make the most of his material. If a contribution did not suit him, he did not reject it without a word of explanation. He talked it over, and suggested modifications. I thus found out how to suit his taste without injuring my self-respect. Most editors drive away their best contributors by treating them like street beggars and leave them bewildered at the rejection. Others, again, haggle over the terms and as often as not delay or evade payment. They then wonder why they fail to hit the public taste. It soon goes around that getting a cheque from so-and-so is like fishing for sharks with a trout rod. The editor is tacitly boycotted.' (*Ibid.*, p. 766.)

After a brief visit to the west coast and then going down the Colorado River, Crowley returned to New York 'by short stages and resumed the anchorless tossing. The one new feature was my affair with Stuart X.' (*Ibid.*, p. 773.) It seems strange that Crowley should choose not to divulge more on this 'affair,' keeping it to a single sentence, leaving the remark quite enigmatic. As there is no other mention of the man elsewhere in his autobiography we are left pondering on precisely what is implied here. Did he mean a physical relationship, or was it a business relationship, one perhaps based on conviviality? We suspect it was a physical one for in the next paragraph he goes on to discuss his other short affair with Ratan Devi. (Both persons are touched on in *Vanity Fair* articles.)

Stuart X (Henry Clifford Stuart, born 1864) is described by Crowley as the 'Great Unknown' and 'An unofficial adviser to the universe in general.' Crowley had already written an introduction to his great work, *A Prophet in His Own Country* in June of 1916 (see Appendix). This book, a signed limited edition (of only 500 copies), now sells for around \$200-300. It is described by some as, 'A bizarre collection of letters mainly preoccupied with politics and finance, but touching on everything from the duties of the Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces to the moral superiority of the Zulu warrior, written by New York businessman Henry Stuart Clifford to a number of luminaries including Lloyd George, President Woodrow Wilson, Sun Yat Sen, as well as to various

newspapers. Aleister Crowley, who spent the years of the First World War in the United States in relative penury, was apparently more than happy to take on the presumably reasonably-paid task of collecting, editing, and arranging the letters, as well as writing a 16 page introduction to them. Indeed he does so with considerable gusto, and it is difficult not to suspect that some of his more sycophantic observations are more than a little tongue-in-cheek.' (See Weiser Antiquarian Books website.) He would later describe his introduction to that work as 'imbecilic' in a refutation of being Stuart X (also included in the Appendix). Therefore, we can only presume that this affair left a bad taste in his mouth, hence his reluctance to elaborate on it.

As for Ratan Devi Coomaraswamy (her birth name was Alice Ethel Richardson, in 1889), she was actually English. It was only through her connection with her husband, Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy, whom she married in 1913, that she met Crowley.

As he describes it in his Confessions: 'The next act was the appearance of Ananda K. Koomaraswamy, the Eurasian critic of religion and art, with his wife, Ratan Devi, a musician from Yorkshire, who had fallen in love with him and filched him from his first wife. He soon got sick of her and took refuge in India, but finding it a continual nuisance to have to send her supplies, wrote her to join him. It had been suggested, with the secret hope that the climate would rid him of his incubus. She made the journey in charge of his best friend, a wealthy Punjabi, whom she promptly seduced. ... Ratan Devi possessed a strange seductive beauty and charm, but above all an ear so accurate and a voice so perfectly trained, that she was able to sing Indian music, which is characterized by half and quarter tones imperceptible to most European ears. His idea was to bring her out to New York. He introduced himself to me, knowing my reputation on Asiatic religions and Magick. I invited them to dine and to pass the evening at my apartment, so that she might sing to the tamboura [or tanpura, a large four-stringed lute; see photo] her repertoire of Kashmiri and other Indian songs. I was charmed and promised to do all I could to make her a success. ... I introduced them to several influential people and wrote a prose poem about her singing for *Vanity Fair*. She and I lost no time about falling in love. This suited her husband perfectly. The high cost of living was bad enough without

having to pay for one's wife's dinner. ... Meanwhile, she had made her debut and scored a superb success. ... In fact, her success was largely due to my assistance. I taught her how to let her genius loose at the critical moment.' (*Op. cit.*, pp. 773-4.)

Now realising the worth of his wife, Coomaraswamy demanded that she return to him, with Crowley showing his usual customary indifference to the whole affair, until he later found out she was pregnant with his child. (She would go on to lose it.) Obviously, this then complicated matters somewhat. In June, a month after his article on her had been published, 'I came back proposing to spend the summer in a cottage by Lake Pasquaney. Ratan Devi was one of those women whose chief pleasure is to show her power over men. She tried it on me, but a bath brick would have done quite as well. Convinced after many desperate efforts that I would not run after her or even walk her way, she began to understand true love, to recognize me as her master and quit playing the fool. She did not divine that my Gibraltar firmness was calculated policy. I really loved her and knew that the only hope of making her love me was to kill the vanity which prevented her from being true to herself, and giving her whole heart.' (*Ibid.*, p. 774.)

She went on to accompany him for a few days where they renewed their love. Then she decided to return to England. It was on the voyage home she suffered a miscarriage. When she returned to the States, after a serious illness, Crowley was in New Orleans, but she begged him to come back to her. As she was not agreeable to his imposed condition, it was very unlikely the affair would continue, and Crowley got his own back by publishing a story in *The International* called 'Not Good Enough' (see our volume, p. 148). 'I made one change. Koomaraswamy, Haranzada Swami; Haranzada being the Hindustani word for "bastard." (*Ibid.*, p. 775.)

She would later emigrate permanently to the United States, and spent ten years living in Pasadena, California, from 1930, before moving to Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1940. She died in Boston in 1958 at the age of 68.

Whereas Crowley had voiced his opinions about the war in his various articles for *The International*, here he is quite reticent on the subject, hardly mentioning it at all, except for the short article about three hoaxes in which he expresses no opinion at all. And

that may be because this magazine was more cultural, and thus less interested in politics.

Anyone coming to this collection for the first time hoping to see some strong material on Magick may be disappointed. Most of the articles are fairly mundane, touching on things like relationships, the movie business (it has to be remembered Hollywood was thriving at the time, and cinema-going was a big thing, despite the lack of sound), women, and even card games, bridge, for example. So Crowley devotees will hardly be impressed as he only touches on Mysticism rather than Magick. But it has to be borne in mind he was writing to the American public in general on issues relevant to the times, and for a magazine which appealed to the middle class, the society people who were only interested in the arts, music, and the right clothes to wear, as well as a relatively new invention; the automobile. Also, judging by the amount of advertisements for various dog breeds, it catered for dog lovers too. Needless to say, there is little exposition of Thelema here, although he does briefly mention the Book of the Law.

What is interesting in this collection, though, is his ability to tackle any subject, even taking on the topic of what was to become the American national anthem, which is quite surprising as it is written from a patriotic point-of-view as if Crowley himself was an American. He demonstrates admirably throughout his versatility and brilliance as a writer, although perhaps not up there with some of the articles he contributed to *The International*, but certainly representative of some of his finest work. The articles may not be that revealing in themselves, yet they should all be read so as to appreciate what an excellent writer he really was.

Crowley was not alone here as he was surrounded by other excellent writers, for *Vanity Fair* featured a host of luminaries who had either already achieved significant status, or would go on to make names for themselves. For example, Lord Dunsany, Stephen Leacock, P.G. Wodehouse, Ananda Coomaraswamy, as well as the art critic Arthur Symons. Also George S. Chappell, Oliver Wakefield, Robert C. Benchley, Stephen Hawes, the actors Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Dorothy Parker, Frederick James Gregg, Brighton Perry, Campbell Lee, John Quinn, even Jean Cocteau, all high-calibre contributors, chosen to naturally appeal to its conservative readership.

Lastly, even if this is a much slimmer volume than its companion, it should be convenient for anyone interested in this much misunderstood writer as it provides everything he contributed to the fashionable magazine in one place.

Jon Lange Spring 2022

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

As with our previous volume, we have endeavoured to be as faithful to the material as possible. Note, the original spelling has been retained throughout without modification, although there are a few discrepancies apparent. For example, as it was an American magazine, US English has been employed, although intriguingly the translations Crowley provided of Baudelaire's work are in UK English. We have not attempted to correct this. The layout has been maintained as close as possible to the original, ignoring the double or triple columns spread as it would simply not be very practicable in a book of this size. All explanatory footnotes are by us which have been kept to a minimum. Illustrations unconnected with the articles have been added to enhance the overall feel of the work, giving a better impression of that milieu.

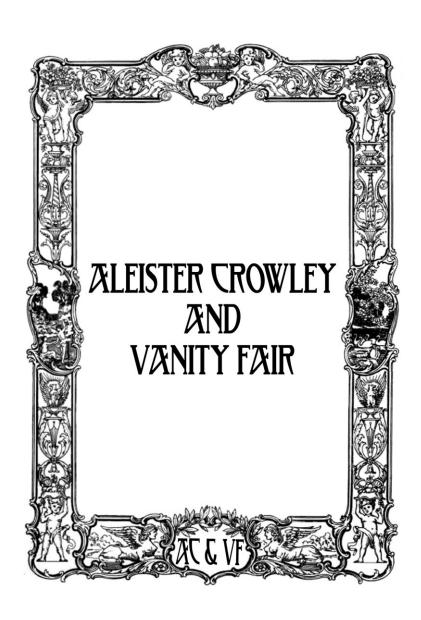
For simplicity's sake, his contributions to *Vanity Fair* have been presented here in chronological order, and consecutively as they appeared throughout the volumes, with those articles split in half now as one piece.

It should also be noted the article 'Bernard Shaw on Self-Effacement' (by 'Another Irishman') in the edition of June 1915, pp. 37, 88, has been attributed by some to Crowley. We reject this supposition on the grounds that it does not conform to his style, therefore it has not been included here.

Further, in the article 'S.O.S.—R.S.V.P., Vanity Fair's Prize Department of Deportment' (August 1915, p. 35), mention is made of Crowley: 'It is, however, for none of these reasons that we are unable to make use of a problem submitted by that extraordinarily versatile and picturesque person, Mr. Aleister Crowley. "Mr. A., a well-known philanthropist, has just poisoned his wife in order to marry a Miss B.," writes Mr. Crowley. "On the way to the church he meets Mrs. C., the wife of an old friend whom he has not seen for years. He realizes that it is Mrs. C. whom he loves and not Miss

B. Mrs. C. gives him her gladdest eye. . . . Problem: What should Mr A. do?" Now, while realizing that just this might happen to almost any well-known philanthropist, the editors felt that for the reading public the problem was pitched (as critics say of certain paintings) in somewhat too high a key.'

The article may be interesting to some readers, but it is not worth including the entirety of it here as it was not written by him.





Vampire Women

Eight Pen Portraits, from Life

[July 1915, vol. 4, no. 5, p. 33.]

EVERYBODY seems to be talking, or writing, about vampires and vampire women. The Romans started the fad, of course. No fluttering bat in Rome but suggested some fascinating lady to the best selling poets and romancers of the time. More lately, Kipling and Burne-Jones have helped the bat-lady myth along. Bram Stoker has now done his share, and so has the Baroness Von Raube. Everybody seems to have one on his calling list. Reader, have you, perhaps, a little vampire in your home? Vanity Fair has asked eight of the greatest vampire specialists in America to make careful portraits—from life, of course—of the worst (but most diabolically alluring) ladies in the world. Accompanying them are a series of Hokkus by Kwaw Li Ya, the Chinese poet. The Hokku is an interesting verse form, which is very popular in China and Japan. It should consist of seventeen syllables; an epigram; a dash of alliteration, and an attempt to convey a mood, by suggestion rather than by precision of phrasing. We shall say more of the Hokku in our next issue!



MAY WILSON PRESTON'S VAMPIRE

Merrily masking Blood-lust, Lelia lures me, Glad to the graveyard!



VAMPIRE GIRL BY W. M. BERGER Subtle, a siren: Sly, Satanic, assassin, Smile me to slumber!



ETHEL PLUMMER'S DANGER-GIRL Girl of the gutter!
Gross, unkempt, you allure by Links atavistic!



DJUNA BARNES' VAMPIRE BABY Belial-baby! Mouths thus merry, maturing Madden to murder.



JOHN R. NEILL'S WINGED SIREN
Vania, Vampire—
Black bat's wings are the crown of
Tyranny's tempest!



MYRTLE HELD'S VENOMOUS CIRCE Idle, capricious,
Vain. Come—curled and anointed—Circe, to slay us!



REGINALD BIRCH'S LADY Flavia! Philtres—:
Brewed of bliss in the moonlight—Gleam in your glances!



THELMA CUDLIPP'S LAUGHING FURY

Psyche, a Pagan

Perverse, poison o' poppy!

Vow me a victim!



His Excellency, Kwaw Li Ya¹

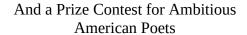
¹ This portrait of Crowley as Kwaw Li Ya has been taken from Motta's *The Equinox*, vol. 5, no. 3, frontispiece to *Jin Gan Jing*, the *Classic of Purity*, as it is of better quality than the one used in VF.







THE HOKKU—A NEW VERSE FORM



By Kwaw Li Ya of the University of Pekin

[August 1915, vol. 4, no. 6, p. 46.]







Editor's Note.—Kwaw Li Ya is the most famous of the small group of Chinese poets known as the Yung Chang school. Of the Shen Si—or landed gentry class—he has devoted his great wealth to traveling and to studying the literatures of other nations. A fanatical adherent of the fallen Emperor, his latter years have been spent in exile from his native valleys. He is now passing a few months in New York. In religion he is a strict Taoist, and is the author of the politico-mystical romance entitled "Thien Tao" or "The Way of Heaven." He is perhaps best known because of his five volumes of aphorisms.

- 1. The Hokku is a favorite verse form in Japan. Every year there is a Hokku Competition, which is entered even by the Mikado.
 - 2. The Hokku is a poem of seventeen syllables.
- 3. The Hokku should not be alliteration, suggestion, allusion, or epigram, though it is, in part, all of these. The Hokku is, in a word—a MOOD.
- 4. The Hokku is a cunningly cut jewel of words. It is like a diamond or an alexandrite, clear or colored, but reflecting varied rays of thought as the light of the mind plays over it.

Here is a classical Hokku which is esteemed by the "old-fashioned" school of poetry in Japan as the best ever written.

It is a microcosm of Autumn melancholy.

² Or *The Synagogue of Satan: A Political Essay* (Liber XLI); see Motta, *ibid.*, pp. 225-39. It was also published as a 22 page pamphlet by Lashtal.

On a withered twig
Lo, the crow is sitting there—
Oh, this Autumn eve!

The author of the following Hokku, my friend Yone Noguchi, was walking in Hyde Park. He was musing on the long hair of a woman in one of Rossetti's pictures. The dusk surprised him; he compared the two impressions, and expressed their sympathy.

My love's lengthened hair Swings o'er me from Heaven's gate: Lo! Evening's shadow!

Since arriving in America, I have been trying to fix upon a correct metrical form for an English type of Hokku. I have chosen this metre:

Dactyl—spondee Spondee—dactyl—spondee Dactyl—spondee

(A dactyl is a long syllable followed by two shorts, as "happily"; a spondee is two longs, as "groaning.")

The use of rime vulgarizes the Hokku at once. In English there is a difficulty in finding true dactyls. Too many of the smaller words are either themselves long, or make other words "long by position."

Here is a fine personal Hokku, by an American friend of mine:

Catherine Cheney.
Plumpness brought to a fine art!
Cat, or Canary?

This is certainly a fine portrait of a beautiful woman. It suggests the query, "Can I cage you, pet, or am I only the mouse with which you are playing?"

Hokku-making is a delightful pastime. It is an endeavor to cut an intaglio or a cameo, in that hardest of all stones—language,

with its baffling index of refraction.

Success may be impossible, but "firm correctness," as we say in China, is great, even in defeat—a death-spasm of the soul. Hokkumaking is the calculated ecstasy of hari-kiri.

Write Hokkus, my friends! It is better than opium, or love, or death! Here is a fine example of a double Hokku, he for its only theme the Hokku itself:

Catch me, caress me, Crush me! Gather a dewdrop— Star to a system!

God in an atom!

Comets revel around him—

That is a hokku!

Vanity Fair has permitted me to offer a first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars, for the best single Hokku on the following interesting theme:

A young lover, distracted by jealousy, finds himself looking out over New York harbor. The sun is setting. The gigantic buildings and towers of Manhattan are silhouetted against the summer sky.

I have agreed to judge the Hokkus in this contest and will announce the prize winners in the issue for October.

All Hokkus, which must be single, in form, should be addressed to the Editor of Vanity Fair, New York City.

They should be in his hands not later than August 20th.



Mahatma Sri Paramananda Guru Swamiji from a photograph taken in Seringapatam

A HINDU AT THE POLO GROUNDS³

A Letter from Mahatma Sri Paramananda Guru Swamiji (Great Soul Saint Supreme-Bliss Teacher Learned Person) to His Brother in India

[August 1915, vol. 4, no. 6, p. 63.]

HONORED Brother: Yesterday I went with a friend to the great temple. It is an oval like the Yoni of the most holy Bhavani, and the cakkras are marked in sand. On these paths the priests run in their mystic dances. There are two kinds of priests. There are Redsox and Yanks, according to their tribes. The worshippers sit around in tiers reaching to the sky. Some of the priests are armed with clubs to slay the victims. There is also a white ball, symbolizing the sun. My friend remarked: "The Yanks will get their goat." I cannot see any goat nor is there an altar to sacrifice a goat!

Now the priests take their stations in the temple, and the ritual begins. One high-priest throws the white ball; this represents the sun traveling through the heavens. Another high-priest strikes it with the Mahalingam club, meaning that even the sun is tossed about by the will of God. Many priests representing other gods are stationed according to the places of the planets, as I understand, for my friend says: "It is an all-star team." The god with the club is a symbol of man, and if the sun, or ball, strike him he is dead; he throws away his club, and walks to his base, that is, he makes the next stage in his incarnations. If he strike the sun far away beyond any planets, he makes the complete circle in his sacred dance. They have an idol here—one McGraw! He is a Mahathera.

THE worshippers are full of religion; sometimes the sacred cry changes to a roar as if they wanted something killed. Then my

³ This was reprinted in *Revival of Magick and Other Essays (Oriflamme* No. 2), OTO/New Falcon, Arizona, 1998.

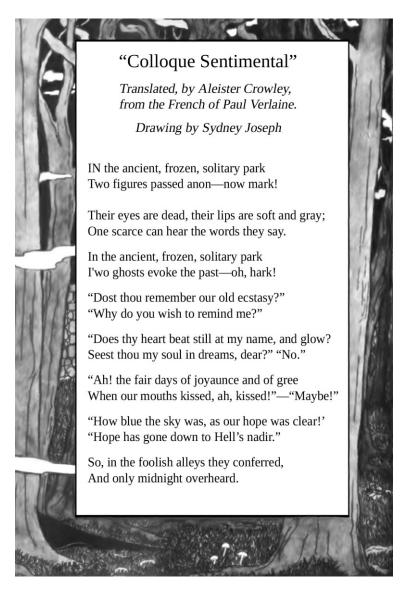
friend says: "See! he sacrifices himself," but I do not see him sacrifice himself. He only throws himself down at the feet of a god. But there is no blood; it is not good religion. The ritual has nine parts, for the nine planets (there are nine priests of each of the two castes) and for the nine greater gods. After the seventh part all the people rise and make mystic gestures with their arms, out of reverence to the sacred number seven. And now the people disperse. They will drink of the sacred soma of the country, the gin-rickey, or jinricksha—so called because with it they are wheeled swiftly and surely to Nirvana.

I join in this part of the ceremony also. I grasp the hand of my friend and, on gin-rickeys, we shall peacefully glide into Nirvana.

Your Happy Brother.

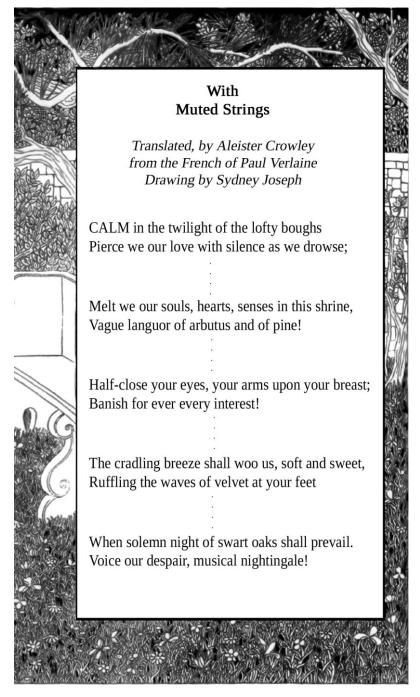






[September 1915, vol. 5, no. 1, p. 66.]





[October 1915, vol. 5, no. 2, p. 46.]



THREE LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE

By Charles Baudelaire

[November 1915, vol. 5, no. 3, p. 59.]

(Editor's note—In the August issue of Vanity Fair, Arthur Symons, the English critic, contributed an impressive essay on Baudelaire. The great interest awakened by this essay has prompted us to print three of Baudelaire's Prose Poems. No bolder task can be undertaken than the translation of prose so musical, so subtle and so profound as Baudelaire's, but, in this difficult quandary, we have been fortunate in finding, in Mr. Aleister Crowley, an English translator quite equal to the task.)

THE CLOCK

THE Chinese can tell the time by looking in the eyes of a cat.

One day a missionary, while walking in the suburbs of Nankin, found that he had forgotten his watch, and asked a little boy what the time was. The gutter-snipe hesitated at first, then, recollecting himself, he replied, "I will find out for you."

A minute later he reappeared, holding in his arms a fine big cat, and looking, as the saying is, in the whites of its eyes, he unhesitatingly said: "It is just a little before noon." This turned out to be the case.

As to me, if I bend over towards my beautiful Féline—so well named—who is at once the glory of her sex, the pride of my heart, and the incense of my spirit, whether it be night, or whether it be day, in the abyss of her adorable eyes I read the hour most clearly. This hour is always the same; vast, solemn, wide as space, without division into minutes or seconds; a motionless hour which is not marked on clocks. And if some importunate person were to come and disturb me while my gaze rests on this delicious dial, if some false and intolerant spirit, some demon of unlucky accident were to come and say to me: "What are you looking at with such intensity?

What do you seek in the eyes of this being? Do you see the time?" I should reply unhesitatingly, "Yes, I see the time; it is eternity."

Now, Madam, is not this a really meritorious madrigal, and as pompous as yourself? In good sooth, I have taken so much pleasure in embroidering this pretentious piece of gallantry that I shall ask you for nothing in return.

THREE TEMPTATIONS: OR A VISIT FROM LOVE, WEALTH AND GLORY

TWO superb Satans, and a She-Devil not less remarkable than they, last night climbed the mysterious staircase by which Hell emerges to assault the weakness of a sleeping man, and secretly communicated with him. In their glory they came, as it were, upon a platform, and stood in front of me. A sulphurous splendour emanated from these three mighty Beings, cutting them from the thick darkness of the night. So proud and so masterful was their manner that at first I took them to be indeed Gods.

The face of the first Satan was epicene, and he had also in every line of his body the softness of old Bacchus. Lovely were his eyes, and languishing, of a shadowy and undecided colour, resembling violets still wetted with the heavy tears of the storm, and his half-opened lips seemed like warm caskets of perfume, whence he exhaled a subtle scent; and every time he sighed, musk-scented butterflies gat light, on their winged way, from the ardour of his breath.

Around his purple tunic was twisted as a belt a gleaming serpent, who, with raised head, turned languorously toward him his eyes that were like glowing coals. From this living girdle were suspended alternately phials full of deadly liquids, shining knives, and surgical instruments. In his right hand he held another phial, filled with a luminous red liquid, and which bore these strange words: "Drink, this is my blood, the perfect cordial." In the left hand he bore a violin, which he used, doubtless, to sing his pleasures and his sorrows, and to spread the contagion of his folly on the nights of the Witches' Sabbath.

From his delicate ankles dragged some rings of a broken chain of gold, and when the constraint which this occasioned him made him lower his eyes to the ground, he contemplated vaingloriously

the nails of his feet, brilliant and polished like well-worked stones.

With his inconsolably sad eyes he looked upon me, with his eyes whence flowed an insidious intoxication, and he intoned these words: "If thou wilt, if thou wilt, I will make thee the Lord of Souls, and thou shalt be the master of living matter, more so even than the sculptor can be of his clay, and thou shalt know the pleasure, ceaselessly re-born, of leaving thyself to forget thyself in another, and to draw other souls until thou dost confound them with thine own."

AND I answered him, "Thank you for nothing. What should I do with this parcel of beings, who doubtless are worth no more than my poor self? Though I have sometimes shame in remembering, I wish to forget nothing. And even if I did not know you, old monster, your mysterious cutlery, your ambiguous phials, the chains with which your feet are cumbered are symbols which explain clearly enough the inconveniences of your friendship. Keep your presents to yourself!"

The second Satan had not that air, at the same time tragic and smiling, nor those insinuating manners, nor that delicate and scented beauty. It was a hulk of a man, with coarse, eyeless face, whose heavy paunch hung over his thighs, and whose skin was gilded and as if tattooed with the images of a crowd of little moving figures to represent the innumerable forms of universal wretchedness. There were little lank men who had hung themselves from a nail; there were little misshapen gnomes, exceeding thin, whose pleading eyes demanded alms even more than did their trembling hands.

THE great Satan knocked with his fist on his enormous belly, whence came a long, resounding clangour of metal, which ended in a vague groan as of many human voices, and he laughed, showing shamelessly his decayed teeth in an enormous and imbecile guffaw, just as do certain men in every country when they have dined too well.

And he said to me: "I can give thee that which obtains all, that which is worth all, that which replaces all; and he beat upon his monstrous belly, whose sonorous echo made the commentary on his utterance.

I turned aside with disgust, and answered him: "I have no need

for my enjoyment of the wretchedness of anyone, and I refuse a wealth saddened, like a soiled tapestry, with all the misfortunes represented on your skin."

As to the great She-Devil, I should lie if I did not admit that at the first sight I found a bizarre charm in her. To define this charm, I know nothing better to compare it to than to that of very beautiful women (in their decadence) whose beauty has the penetrating magic of ruins. Her air was at once imperious and loose; and her eyes, although heavily ringed, were full of the force of fascination. What struck me most was the mystery of her voice, at whose sound I recalled both the most delicious contralto singers, and also a little of that hoarseness which characterizes the throats of very old drunkards.

"Wilt thou know my power," cried the false goddess, with her charming and paradoxical voice; "Listen!" and she put to her mouth a gigantic trumpet covered with ribands like the reed-pipe; on which were written the titles of all the newspapers in the world, and through this trumpet she cried my name, which thus rolled across space with the noise of a hundred thousand thunders, and came back to me on the echo of the most distant of the planets.

"The Devil!" cried I, half conquered: but, in examining more closely the seductive Amazon, it seemed to me vaguely that I remembered having seen her drinking with some fools of my acquaintance, and the raucous sound of her brass bore to my ears I know not what remembrance of a venal trumpet.

So I replied, with all my scorn: "Be off with you; I am not the man to marry the mistress of certain persons whom I will not mention."

Certainly, of so courageous a self-denial I had every right to be proud; but unfortunately I awoke and all my strength deserted me. "Indeed," said I to myself, "I must have been very soundly asleep to show such scruples. Ah, if the three could only return, now that I am awake, I should not play the prude."

And I called aloud upon them all, beseeching them to pardon me; offering to give up my honour, as often as must be, to deserve their favour; but I had doubtless bitterly offended them, for they have never returned.

THE POLITE GUNNER

AS THE carriage rolled through the wood he stopped it in the neighbourhood of a shooting gallery. He wanted to fire a few shots in order to kill time. To kill that monster is surely the most ordinary and legitimate occupation of all of us, is it not?

And he politely offered his hand to his beloved, delicious, execrable wife; to the mysterious woman to whom he owes so many pleasures and so many sorrows, and perhaps also a part of his genius.

Several balls struck far from the bull's-eye. One of them even buried itself in the ceiling. And, as the charming creature laughed wildly, in mockery of her husband's bad marksmanship, he turned sharply towards her and said, "You see that doll down there on the right, with its nose in the air, and with so haughty an expression? Well, my dear angel I imagine to myself that it is you," and he half closed his eyes and pulled the trigger. The doll was cleanly beheaded.

Then, bending towards his beloved—his delicious, his execrable wife—he kissed her hand respectfully, and added, "Ah, dear angel, how I thank you for my skill!"



Decorations by Gordon Aymar

THE HOKKU WINNERS, A FEW COMMENTS

By Kwaw Li Ya, the Judge of the Contest

[December 1915, vol. 5, no. 4, p. 47.]

Most delicious Mr. Editor:

I AM altogether delighted to see that upon this occasion the golden-tongued poets of the Occident were able to confine their Hokku birds to the cage of thought. Nearly all of them, in their Hokkus, suggested the subject, a maiden deciding between love and duty, and basing her decision upon the omen of a bee alighting upon a rose.

But alas! The arrangement of short and long syllabic quantities is still very puzzling to the VANITY FAIR poets.

For example, Miss Winifred Waldron, 1219 Randolf Street, North Glendale, Cal., wrote as follows:

"Bringer of pollen, Tender task is thy love-flight! Love is my duty."

What phrase magic! How like a spider's web glistening with dew in the early morning sunlight! But one syllable is long where it should be short,—the word "flight." What a pity! For the solution of the girl's indecision between love and duty is so cleverly managed.

B. A. Keiser, Washburn House, Northampton, Mass., also saw the same solution, but in his verse, too, there is a faulty line—the last.

"Love is my duty— Give, O Heart to the king-bee, Wine of thy deep soul."

AND so, Mr. Editor, I have decided to give the first prize to Miss Alice Maxwell Appo, 11 Dominick Street, New York. She has caught the delightful spirit of Hokku-concentration and she has the feeling for quantities. Her choice of duty over love is sweetly suggested. She said:

"Toiler of ages, Culling sweetness with labor, thy disciple."

The second prize is awarded to Arthur Powell, of Stratford, Conn. His Hokku, too, is very Hokku-worthy.

"Passionate flower, Yielding sweets to thy lover, God smiles upon thee!"

Honorable mention goes to Winifred Waldron, A. J. Gude, T. L. Ryan, B. A. Keiser, Helen F. Driver and Kenneth F. H. Underwood.



SIX LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE

By Charles Baudelaire

Translated by Aleister Crowley

[December 1915, vol. 5, no. 4, p. 51.]

WHICH IS THE TRUE ONE?

I ONCE knew a girl called Benedicta, who filled the atmosphere with the ideal, whose eyes shed forth the desire of greatness, beauty, glory—all that which makes a man believe in immortality.

But this miraculous girl was too lovely to live for long, and, some days after I had become acquainted with her, she died. It was I myself that buried her, one day when the Spring swung its thurible even within cemeteries. It was I that buried her, well shut up in a bier of perfumed wood, incorruptible as are the coffers of India.

And as my eyes remained fastened on the place wherein was buried my treasure, I saw (on a sudden) a little person who resembled the dead woman strangely; who, stamping on the fresh earth with a strange and hysterical violence, shouted with laughter, and said, "I am the real Benedicta, and a rare jade I am, and for the punishment of your folly and blindness you shall love me!"

I, furious, answered, "No, no, no!" and to emphasize my refusal I struck the ground so firmly with my foot that my leg buried itself to the knee in the fresh-turned earth, and, like a wolf taken in a snare, I remain attached, perhaps forever, to the grave of the ideal.

INTOXICATE YOURSELF

ONE must always be drunk.

Everything lies in that; it is the only question worth considering. In order not to feel the horrible burden of time which breaks your shoulders and bows you down to earth, you must intoxicate yourself without truce—but with what?

With wine, poetry, or art? As you will; but intoxicate yourself.

And if sometimes upon the steps of a palace, or upon the green grass of a moat, or in the sad solitude of your own room, you awake—intoxication already diminished or disappeared—ask of the wind, of the wave, of the star, of the bird, of the clock, of all that flies, of all that groans, of all that rolls, of all that sings, of all that speaks,—ask, what time is it? And the wind, the wave, the star, the bird, the clock, will answer you, "It is time to intoxicate yourself." In order to escape from the slavish martyrdom of time, intoxicate yourself; unceasingly intoxicate yourself; with wine, or poetry, or art—as you will.

THE MOON'S GIFT

THE moon, who is caprice itself, looked in at the window while thou didst sleep in thy cradle, and said to herself, "This child pleases me."

Softly she descended her ladder of clouds and passed noiselessly through the windowpanes. Then she stretched herself upon thee with the supple tenderness of a mother, and laid her colors on thy face. From that thine eyes are turned green, and thy cheeks are marvellous pale. It is through looking at this celestial visitant that thine eyes are grown so strangely large. She has so tenderly fastened on thy throat that thou hast therefore kept forever the desire to weep.

And yet in the overflowing of her joy the moon filled all the room with a phosphorescent light, like a luminous poison, and all this living light was thinking and saying: "Thou shalt know eternally the influence of my kiss; thou shalt be beautiful in my fashion. Thou shalt love that which I love and that which loves me;—the Water, the Clouds, Silence, Night; the vast green Sea, the shapeless water that hath many shapes; the place where thou art not, the lover that thou knowest not, monstrous flowers, and delirious perfumes.

"And thou shalt be loved of my lovers, courted by my courtiers. Thou shalt be the queen of those men whose eyes are green and whose throats I have clutched in my nocturnal caresses: of those who love the sea, the vast, tumultuous green sea, the shapeless water that hath many shapes, the place where they are not, the

women whom they know not; the sinister will; and the flowers that resemble the thuribles of an unknown religion; the perfumes that trouble the savage and voluptuous beasts that are the symbols of their madness."

And it is because of all that, spoilt child, accursed and beloved, that I am crouched this moment at thy feet, seeking, in all thy being, the reflection of that fearful Divinity, that godmother prophetic, that poisonous nurse of all the madmen-of-the-moon.

WINDOWS

WHOSO looks from without into an open window never sees so much as he who looks at a closed window. There is nothing more profound, more mysterious, more fertile, more darksome, more dazzling, than a window lighted by a candle.

Beyond the waves of roof I see a woman, middle-aged, already wrinkled, poor, always bending. She never goes out. With her face, her clothing, her gesture—almost nothing—I have reconstructed the story of this woman;—or rather, her legend, and sometimes I tell it to myself, and weep.

If it had been a poor old man, I could have reconstructed his history just as easily.

And I lie down to sleep, proud of having lived and suffered *in others*.

Perhaps you will say to me, "Are you sure that your fairy tale is true?"

What does outside reality matter to me, if my imagination has helped me to live, to feel what I really am?

ALREADY

A HUNDRED times already the sun had sprung radiant or saddened from that vast basin of the sea whose shores scarce let themselves be seen; a hundred times already it had plunged again, sparkling or morose, into its immense evening bath. For many days we were able to contemplate the other side of the firmament and decipher the celestial Alphabet of the Antipodes, and each of the passengers grumbled and scolded.

One would have said that getting near to land increased their suffering.

"When then," they cried, "shall we cease to sleep a sleep that is shaken by the wave, disturbed by a wind that snores louder than we? When shall we be able to digest our dinners in motionless chairs?"

Some of them thought of their fireside, regretted their faithless and sullen wives, their squalling offspring. They were all obsessed by the image of the absent land. At last we sighted the shore, and as we approached, behold, it was a land magnificent and dazzling; it seemed that all the harmonious sounds of life came from it in a vague murmur, and that from this coast, rich in every sort of greenery, there exhaled to a distance of many leagues a delicious odor of fruits and flowers.

Immediately everyone was joyful, and ill-humor departed; all quarrels were forgotten, all wrongs pardoned.

I alone was sad, inconceivably sad.

I could not without heart-breaking bitterness tear myself from this sea, so monstrously seductive, from this sea so infinitely varied in its terrifying simplicity; this sea which seems to contain in itself and to represent by its play, its enticements, its rages and its smiles, the dispositions, the agonies and the ecstasies of every soul that hath ever lived, that now lives, that ever shall live.

As I bade farewell to its incomparable beauty I felt myself smitten down, even to death, and whenever one of my companions cried "At last!" I was only able to cry "Already!"

And yet it was land; land with its noises, its passions, its conveniences, its festivals; a rich and magnificent country full of fair promise, which sent to us a mysterious perfume of rose and musk, and whence, in an amorous murmur, came to us all the music of life.

THE BAD GLAZIER

. One morning I got up in a bad temper, sad, tired of idleness, and impelled, it seemed to me, to do something big, a brilliant action; and I opened the window. Alas!

The first person that I saw in the street was a glazier whose piercing and discordant cry came up to me through the heavy and contaminated atmosphere of Paris. It would be utterly impossible for me ever to tell you why I was suddenly seized with a hatred, as

sudden as it was despotic, against the poor man.

"Hullo, hullo," I called to him to come up. At the same time I reflected, not without some amusement, that my room being on the sixth story, and the staircase extremely narrow, that the man was bound to find it rather difficult to make the ascent, and to catch in many a place the corners of his merchandise.

At last he appeared. Having examined all his glasses with curiosity, I said to him: "What, you have no colored glasses?—Rose glasses, red glasses, blue glasses, magic glasses, glasses of Paradise! You impudent fellow; you dare to walk about in the poor quarters of the town, and you have not even glasses which make life look beautiful!" And I pushed him vigorously towards the staircase, where he stumbled and swore.

I went to the balcony and seized a little flower-pot; and when the man reappeared in the doorway I let fall my engine of war on the back edge of his shoulder straps, and the shock overthrowing him, he broke beneath his back all his poor walking stock in trade, which uttered the crashing cry of a glass palace split by lightning.

And, drunk with my madness I cried to him furiously: "Let life look beautiful, let life look beautiful!"



THE NONSENSE ABOUT VERS LIBRE

Why not a little Free Prose, for a change?

By Aleister Crowley

[December 1915, vol. 5, no. 4, p. 65.]

"VERSE LIBRE" is French. France being, in part at least, a free country, we may dare a free translation of it. Here it is: Vers libre—free worms—free metrical worms. Vers means worms—so there you are. We cannot here pause to differentiate the species; the trichina is, of course, very common. But in all vers libre, there is one common characteristic, it has no vertebra.

Now it is very hard to keep the rules of a sonnet; to find words so aptly wedded to thought and music that all semblance of artificiality becomes lost; but it is no way out of the difficulty to write something which is entirely different, to call it a free sonnet, and then ask the world to admire it. Nor does it constitute literary distinction to remark some point common to all collocations of words such as stress, cadence, rhythm, aptness of imagery, or absence of meaning, and to describe the result as stressism. You can sit down hard on the piano, and nobody is going to mind very much; but if you conclude the performance by boasting that you have avoided the technique and formality of Beethoven, somebody may want to kick you.

Vers libre and stuff of its kind is not exactly new. "Piers Plowman" is all vers libre, but the author of it never insisted that his work constituted a "school."

Schools are the curse of art. The artist is a lone wolf. The moment that you put two artists together their art becomes negligible. The business of the artist is with God, and not with man. To produce a masterpiece, you must first have a master thought, white-hot; and you have next to get it fixed in words, or notes, or

paint, or stone. One is inspiration; the other technique. One is useless without the other; but the inspiration comes first.

The business of technique is to be inconspicuous. It is like the manners of a gentleman. And the free worm is always a parvenu; his loudness and self-assertiveness prove it. Nobody minds what he writes, so long as he gets the thought presented in the simplest and clearest and most forcible way. This is so difficult to do that there is not a perfect fifty line passage of poetry, or a perfect thousand words of prose, in the English language. To write a single sentence is an achievement; and it only comes by infinite practice added to a great original genius.

But the verslibrist—pray observe the lovely word it has coined to describe itself—recks nothing of all this. It writes something, anything; and then proceeds to prove that it is better than Shakespeare and Shelly and Swinburne and Swift and Sterne and Smollett and Stevenson—stylists all. The artist is a workman, and he never stops to admire his output. His mental attitude is ecstasy; he is beyond time and space; his contemporaries do not exist for him. The moment this ceases to be true, he becomes a common creature of the earth, a pushing tradesman. The free worm is too often engaged in trying to become a guinea-worm—or hack-writer worm, like Hall Caine, or Cyrus Townsend Brady.

SO the more restrictions we place upon art, the better that: art will become. We must not publish our youthful metrical monkey-tricks—like our Chants Royals or our Villanelles—because they cannot possibly come out exactly right; language will not suffer such extremely tight lacing. A perfect sonnet, even, is a miracle beyond the hope of any rational poet. But, by trying to write Rondeaux and Ballades and Pantoums, a poet becomes the master of the essential difficulties of language; they are his "five-finger exercises"; and when he has burnt about a million of them, perhaps, by God's grace, a thought will come to him, and he will get it written down in moderately decent prose, or even in one of the simpler stanza forms of verse.

You can recognize success in writing because the product has this quality: it is inevitable. It is like a Greek tragedy; it is like Nature herself. It has being and form in perfect harmony. It is impossible to go into its details; for there are no details. They are all

absorbed into the living unity of the whole; much as in the human body, the cells are absorbed into the living man. Anything which stands out in art, is deformity, or disease, or weakness. Consider the long bad passage in the middle of "Kubla Khan", and the anticlimax of the last verse of the "Ode to a Nightingale!" Even in so short a verse-form as the sonnet, one would hesitate to pick a perfect half-dozen. Even in so simple a verse-form as the heroic, one is put to it to quote a dozen consecutive perfect couplets. (Swinburne's "Anactoria" would be our first candidate.)

IF the free worms be really masters of the language, let them show it by producing just one perfect sonnet by way of advertisement. If their lack of ideas and lack of music, as well as their disproportion, redundancy and a dozen other faults, are not immediately evident, then we may begin to take their poets seriously. Until then, we shall maintain that this article is the greatest extant masterpiece of English, composed in cataleptic triturated parallelopipeds of a rhythmic—mot justiste—borborogmic paraprosdokian-aposeiopesis, the flower of the Washington Square or Dutch Oven School of Literature; or perhaps it would be even cleverer to claim that it is not writing at all, but sculpture, or aviation, or imageless iconography, or something—anything—which it obviously is not. Then, a lot of my readers will look surprised, and I can pity them.



TRENCH TALK

POILU (to TOMMY ATKINS)—"I no not speak well ze English languwage. In England zay do not speak it ze same as zay do en Amérique: Par example in England zay talk of ze great Field Marshal, in America zay say 'Ze Great Marshall Field.' Et puis alors—In America zay talk of ze great French General, in England zay speak always of se great General French!"

Drawn by John Paul

THREE GREAT HOAXES OF THE WAR⁴

Blessed Are They That Have Not Seen and Yet Have Believed

By Aleister Crowley

[January 1916, vol. 5, no. 5, pp. 37, 118.]

ON three notable occasions, since the war began, the credulity of the English people has passed all belief. The student of religious origins has probably noted that the hoaxes on all three occasions follow the generally accepted lines of demarcation, namely; legend, prophecy, and miracle.

It is now no secret that the famous legend of the "Russian Soldiers," that wonderful story of a million and a half Russian troops (with horses and artillery) smuggled through England in the dead of the night, was put about by the secret service to try to check the panic caused by the collapse at Mons. It was quite useless to point out to the English people that Archangel is served by a single line of rail, and that to ship even 10,000 troops would have strained the resources of the line for an entire summer. It was useless to ask why, having got all these troops on transports, the English did not sail them quietly down to the place where they were wanted, but went to the enormous and senseless trouble of disembarking them in England and embarking them again.

IT was useless to make calculations; to show that as an English railway coach holds fifty men, and ten coaches make a pretty long train, it would have needed 3,000 trains to "flash by, with drawn blinds" for the men alone, and that the disguising of the horses, artillery, champagne and other necessary appurtenances of a Grand

⁴ This was reprinted in *Revival of Magick and Other Essays (Oriflamme* No. 2), OTO/New Falcon, Arizona, 1998.

Ducal Russian army must have been a task worthy of Sherlock Holmes at his best.

One was always countered by the reply: "But Admiral X, or Captain Y, or Lord Z, or my Uncle Harry (as the case might be) saw them with his own eyes." The best of the joke was that the papers never printed a word of it, though the story was the sole topic of discussion for weeks.

The idea was to keep the whole thing a secret from the Germans! Ultimately, long after the yarn had been exploded—even among the semi-educated—the *Evening News* featured it as a "Strange Rumor" and one that might well be believed.

SO much for legend: now for prophecy! The clairvoyants, astrologers, and psychics in England were of course besieged from the beginning. Everyone who was reputed to be able to "look into the seeds of time and see which grain will grow and which will not" was immediately paid to do so.

But the clairvoyants were confronted with this difficulty: Current prophecy must always be conceded as rather a matter of faith. But if there could be found a prophecy, many years old, which had foretold the details of the war, foretold them accurately, then it would be safe to assume that the prophet who had foretold the beginning might foretell the end. This demand soon created the supply; several prophecies were discovered—Madame de Thèbes and others—but they were all lacking in satisfactory details and antiquity, until the great and glorious find—the find of the Abbot Johannes.

The Sar Péladan, a moderately good littérateur and a really fine critic (you can read all about him in Nordau's "Degeneration"), has, in his time, contributed much to the gaiety of the French people. Years ago, someone remarked to him in a café that his name was rather like that of the Assyrian, Beladan. Péladan jumped at the idea and said that he was Beladan, in a new incarnation; after that he gave himself the title of Sar. He even conferred similar glories on his associates; hence his friends, who became Mérodach-Jauneau, Belshazzar-Dupont, and so on! Also he had announced himself to be a Rosicrucian—anything romantic and mysterious helps to work a clever trick—and published a book on the doctrines of that august Fraternity called "Le Vice Suprême,"

rather as if a learned Presbyterian divine were to preach on "Why We Believe in the Mass."

The worthy Péladan was therefore not taken very seriously by his contemporaries in France; but England now-a-days will stand for anything, even cubists and futurists and vorticists. So the English lent a willing ear to the masterpiece of Péladan. It appeared that the Sar—so he said—in going through some old papers of his father's, some ten years previously, had found a Latin prophecy of the Abbot Johannes. (There were two or three of these Abbots about 1600, but none of them were particularly prophetic!) Péladan had made a translation, but did not, of course, produce the original for the inspection of experts. The prophecy is in the best allegorical style; all about a cock, and a lion, and an eagle, and a bear. The Kaiser is described unmistakably, owing to his withered arm, and the details of the war, down to the battle of the Marne, are given with an accuracy which reflects extraordinary credit on the seership of Johannes. After this point, however, he becomes a little indefinite and less careful of detail.

THE present writer warned the Editor of the *Occult Review*⁵ that anything emanating from Péladan could only be a jest, but was rebutted by the evidence of, an alderman from Harrogate, who was said to have seen the original. "An alderman from Harrogate" only made it worse!

However, the story "got over" and went the rounds of the press, and was swallowed by everybody. It did not last very long, though, for that part of the prophecy dealing with events subsequent to the Marne, though vague, was not vague enough to prevent even the most faithful believers from perceiving that it was totally wrong!

But all this palls before the superb story of "The Bowmen." There is nothing to beat it in all the annals of mythopeia.

There is a writer in England who is not very well known over here, but who is certainly among the first half-dozen living English authors. He is saturated with the love of mediaevalism and sacramentalism. His name is Arthur Machen. Falling upon evil times, he has had to write for the *Evening News*. In the course of this unhappy occupation, he read the famous *Weekly Dispatch* account of

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⁵ Crowley contributed a few articles to this magazine.

the retreat from Mons, [p. 118] which account was true, and caused the prosecution of the publishers. This was on Sunday morning, and he went to church later, and thought of the battle instead of the sermon. By and by he wrote a story on it called "The Bowmen." In a few words, this was his yarn:

Five hundred British soldiers, the remains of a regiment, were covering the retreat from Mons. Disorganized and desperate, they saw annihilation approaching them in the shape of ten thousand pursuing cavalry. One of the men, who had been educated in Latin and the like, in the stress of emotion, found his mind wander back to a vegetarian restaurant in London where the plates had had on them a design of St. George and the motto "Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius." With involuntary piety he uttered this motto. A shudder passed through him; the noise of battle was soothed to a murmur in his ears; instead, he heard a great roar as of thousands of soldiers shouting the ancient battle-cries that rang out at Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt! He also saw before him a long line of shining shapes, "drawing their yew bows to their ears, and stroking their ell-long shafts against the Germans."

IT was then observed by all that the enemy was being swept away, not in single units but in battalions. In fact, they were slain to a man; and the British rear guard strolled off quietly in the wake of their army.

It is to be noted that the author very artistically refrained from trying to lend verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative by stating that the burying-parties found arrows in the dead Germans. He thought it too much mustard!

Well, he printed the story on September 29, 1914, and thought that that would be the end of it. But no! A few days later the *Occult Review* and *Light*⁶ wrote to ask for his "authorities!" He replied that the old musty English ale at the "Spotted Dog" in Bouverie Street might know; if not, nobody did.

In a month or so, several parish magazines asked leave to reprint it; and would he write a preface giving the name of the soldier, and so on? He replied "Reprint away; but as for the soldier, his name is Thomas Atkins of the Horse-Marines." The editor of

⁶ The journal of the Theosophical Society, founded by H. P. Blavatsky.

one magazine replied (it was April, 1915, by now): "Pardon me, sir, if I appear to contradict you; but I know positively that the facts of the story are true; all you have done is to throw it into a literary form."

So they reprinted the story. But that was only the beginning of it. Variants began to appear. The soldier was an officer, and the picture of St. George a canvas instead of a plate. The dead Germans, too, were now found with arrow wounds—the very detail that Machen had rejected as too absurd. Then again in some accounts a cloud appears between the armies to conceal the British. This is obviously an echo from Exodus. Sometimes the cloud disclosed shining shapes which frightened the chargers of the Uhlans. But April was to wane before the great transfiguration.

IN May, Mr. A. P. Sinnett (the man who first wrote of the Blavatsky teacup fables) had an article in the *Occult Review* saying: "Those who could see said that they saw 'a row of shining beings' between the two armies."

Now Machen did say "a long row of shining shapes." In this phase one may find the *raison d'étre* of the last stage of the myth. Angels are still popular in England; fairies are dead, and saints are held a trifle Popish; St. George is only a name except to mediaevalists like Mr. Machen. So he drops out of the story. "The Bowmen" became "The Angels of Mons" and the story fairly took the bit between its teeth, and bolted. It was quoted in *Truth*, in *The New Church Weekly*, in *John Bull*, in *The Daily Chronicle*, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and in every case it was treated as a serious story.

Bishop Welldon, Bishop Taylor Smith (the Chaplain-General), Dr. Horton, Sir J. C. Rickett—all of them serious divines in England—preached about it. Canon Hensley Henson said he didn't believe it, but we must remember that he has quite often been near trouble for holding heterodox opinions!

The Evening News has been bombarded with letters on the subject; even the Psychical Research Society has got into one of its usual muddles over it. In a word, despite Machen's repeated explanations and denials, the silly fancy is taken everywhere for established fact.

The only attempt to give details of the yarn from the front has

been that of Miss Phyllis Campbell, who is very young and very beautiful, but who, if she had been wiser, would have given, as her authorities soldiers who had figured on the Roll of Honor. That would have sounded better than "a soldier," or than "a wounded man of the Lancashires," or "An R. F. A. hero," or "a nurse."

England believes it all, and, as faith can move mountains, perhaps it can help the Allies to force the Rhine!



Drawing by Reginald Birch

ANNA OF HAVANA

By Aleister Crowley

[January 1916 vol. 5, no. 5, p. 43.]

A CIGAR is like a wife!
Put it up to your lips, and light it;
When you've learnt to do it right, it
Adds a certain zest to life.
Mind you keep on puffing it,
Or it's out, and can't be lit.
Ah, the aroma! Ah, the glow!
Will I have one? Thank you, No.



Sketch by Reginald Birch

TO A BRUNETTE

Addressed to His Beloved, after a short absence

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[February 1916, vol. 5, no. 6, p. 63.]

WHEN first your raven beauty made me fond, Your soul was pure and hard as diamond. All books on "how to love" I nightly conned; All suits I thought might please I daily donned; It stirred not of your soul one lily-frond. I offered you the rubies of Golcond, Heaped at your feet the gold of Trebizond—But could not bring you to the bridal bond.

Darling, I do not utterly despond— Now that you are a blonde!



Ratan Devi, Singer of Indian Songs

RATAN DEVI: INDIAN SINGER⁷

[May 1916, vol. 6, no. 3, p. 79.]

THE following exquisite prose poem by the celebrated Rajut singer, Sri Paramahansa Tat, who is now in New York, was inspired by the charming and distinguished lady who crowns the existence of the great Buddhist scholar and art critic, Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, and who is at present singing in New York while her husband is lecturing on Indian Art and other matters. He is a member of the old warrior or Kshatriya caste, a Tamil of high rank and dignity, and a cousin of the Solicitor-General of Ceylon, the Honorable P. Ramanathan. His lady, Ratan Devi, has created a vogue for Indian songs which she executes with utter naturalness and a most convincing charm. Bernard Shaw, W. B. Yeats and Sir Rabinranath Tagore have acclaimed her as the Isis revealer of the soul of India. If India be the tongue of Asia, surely Ratan Devi is the tongue of India! Her success in New York has been serpentswift.

I WALKED through Manhattan in the snow. Then I came into a dim-lit room, a room of Rembrandt shadows, where rose and gold were veiled so deeply that they were felt, not seen. I sat down in the old position of Siddhasana, mindful of the days when, as a holy beggar, I meditated without the gates of Madura.

Then I became aware of a white face, of the lotus face of Bhavani, or so it seemed, that distilled itself like a strange perfume through the gloom. It was beautiful, almost terrible by reason of its

⁷ Note: There is no name attached to this article, apart from Sri Paramahansa Tat, a known Crowleyan pseudonym. See his *Confessions*, p. 773, where he describes this article, and our intro. 'Rajut' should of course be 'Rajput.' See also Paul Bevan, *Intoxicating Shanghai—An Urban Montage: Art and Literature in Pictorial*, etc., 2020, p. 40, and Michel Hockx, *Questions of Style: Literary Societies and Literary Journals in Modern China*, 2003, p. 178, on this article.

beauty, but calm and strong. Yet it was soft as the full moon upon the Nilgherries, and pale and sweet as honey in a secret bower.

Under the ray of the champak flower that was her face the Indian jungle dawned about me. Great banyans writhed like serpents in mysterious shrines. Suddenly the fierce and subtle scent of nargis smote me, and I knew that she was singing.

Through the boughs of the great tree under which I was huddled I could grasp the stars. One by one they budded from the breast of the velvet-footed night, the great cat that stalks the deer of day through the glades of Eternity. And then I saw that the tree was the Bo-Tree, where under Buddha sat in the great Hour of his emancipation.

The song was over.

Stunned by the intensity of the vision, I saw but a still ocean, waveless and tideless. Shoreless it lay beneath the sun—and almost I sensed the Dhatu of Nibbana from afar.

AND then she sang again. Love, like a king-cobra, struck his ruby fangs into my pale heart. Never had such glory fashioned itself in me. I took wing—, And then,—Time passed . . . perhaps . . . who knows? And she sang again.

The voice was frail as a tear and strong as space. The flowers, the fireflies, the very rocks became song. The elements were refined and enraptured into music. All things declared their nature; they were eternal, they were beauty, they were love. Nothing fades. Spring, not winter, is the truth of Life; yet only through winter is spring made perfect. Death is but the handmaiden who braids the tresses of her lady Life. Fainter and fainter, yet ever more persistent grew the drone of the music.

I walked through Manhattan in the snow.



PROFESSOR CARR AND HIS TRAINED BLONDES

He is the author of "Wild Débutantes I Have Met," "Watchful Waiting for Bashful Brunettes," "Polychromatic Women," "His Suit and Hirsute," etc., etc.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF BLONDES

Prolegomena to Any System of Philosophy Devoted to Their Treatment and Care

BY DIONYSUS CARR, Professor of Eugenics in the University of Tubingen

[May 1916, vol. 6, no. 3, p. 85.]

THE first principle of dealing with the female of all placental amniotes, such as Homo Sapiens and its sub-species, has been, for all time, by that world-epoch-zeitgeist-comprehending-demonstrator, Nietzsche, in the not-to-be-ever-forgotten spirit-remark "visiting them thyself, with unfaltering whip-arm," laid down.

(Professor Carr, won't you please can this dachshund, hyphenated style? This paper is neutral—ED.)

The human female is divided into two great classes; the blonde and the brunette. The latter class may be defined as one who is biologically tired of being a blonde. The problem indicated by the title of this paper is an old one; it has baffled the greatest intelligences of the human race. Aristotle, in his *De Blondibus* only touched the fringe of it.

THE first great discovery which has put blondes forever at our mercy—so far as getting them to the analytical operating theater is concerned—is due to an unknown chemist, who discovered that peroxide of hydrogen, mixed with a few drops of ammonia, would enable blondes and brunettes to preserve themselves in a wholly blonde condition.

Careful study has shown us that while blondes possess more appetite than brunettes, they invariably possess less heart. The analogy has been drawn between blondes and the chickens used by the Roman augurs, who were often said, by Livy and Cicero, to have no heart. Hence, possibly, the term "chicken" as derisively

applied to a certain type of blondes in our own day—and city.

A blonde must be plump; and she must be fluffy; or she is not a true blonde. Further, she must giggle. Stop her giggling and her power over man is spent; she becomes helpless—like Archimedes without his fulcrum. You must never be brutal with a blonde. With a brunette you may, nay, you must, or she will not respect you. But a blonde has not that substance of humanity which links her with the dear old days of the cave-man. She is like a toy balloon. You may toss her about, and tap her lightly; but give her a serious blow, and she bursts. Some very wise men think that it is best to begin with the serious blow.

THE first steps in the management of a blonde are perfectly easy. Any child knows enough to capture one. But when you have captured her, you must, by careful steering, lead her to the point when she comes to the conclusion that you are not dangerous. This is usually quite easy, as the blonde is really a bit of a fool; she is apt to think that other people are as shallow as herself. So, treat her like a child, steer her along with frivolous talk. Quote W. J. Bryan's famous dictum to her: "You can lead a blonde to the Waldorf, but you cannot make her drink."

The present writer once took a blonde seriously. Fortunately a brilliant French brunette, observing his perilous situation, extracated him by a single adroit manoeuvre. And here lies, I think, the key to the solution of our difficulty. The natural enemy of the blonde is the brunette. The blonde knows it, and fears the brunette. She is aware that truth and passion have more real power over men than fluffiness, flirtations and frivolity.

A BRUNETTE will stay where you put her till she is wanted, but if you take your eye off a blonde—it's a little like a golf ball—you are lost. The blonde knows that a day must come when the man will ask her some fairly intelligent question, or rely upon her for some real kindness or good feeling; will, in short, put her, in some way or other, on her manhood.

She can avoid the suspicion of a battle for weeks or months, by giggles and pouts and tossings of the head; but sooner or later the man wants her to array her forces. Alas, her army is composed entirely of light cavalry, which is all very well for scouting and

skirmishes, but of no account in a pitched battle.

So here we have the first great rule; threaten her with a brunette. You must not tell her that you love the brunette; nay, you must scorn the thought; but you should represent the brunette as determined and unscrupulous, and beg the blonde to save you from her machinations.

A CLEVER device with a blonde is to tear up a passionate and pleading letter from a brunette, and allow her, after a struggle to pick up the pieces from the wicker w.p.b. and to read them tearfully: For the rest of the evening she will try no more tricks at all. This is but one suggestion. The true expert must, and will, think out his own stunts, week by week. But, sadly enough, his efforts are nearly always useless. All that he can do is to attempt palliative measures. Sooner or later a man tires of a blonde and she is inevitably found in his discard. And here we strike the real paradox of this thesis. The attachment between any human being and any blonde is so exiguous that management in the proper sense ef the word is really impossible. You cannot "manage" a mosquito. You can keep it off with a net, or you can swat it; but you simply cannot manage it.

And here is quite another thought. A blonde cannot hope to deceive you by darkening her hair. Robert Burns has warned her that "the hair is but the guinea stamp, a blonde's a blonde for a' that."

A blonde should have her moments of self-examination and distrust, when she unconsciously recognizes the truth of Swinburne's beautiful, if melancholy, poem:

"We thank with brief thanksgiving, Whatever God's be facts, That no blonde lives forever, That lobsters rise up never, That even the weariest flivver Winds somewhere safe to Jack's."

Brunettes sometimes go into action as blondes, after an hour at the coiffeur's, but this ruse will hardly deceive the expert. The days of purblind Isaac are no more. The impostor always does

something to give herself away. Her penalty then becomes terrible. She has probably embarked on some adventure which only the palest blonde could successfully carry off. So she inevitably incurs the utmost rigor of the law—as a traitor or a spy. Her failure would be excusable in a confessed brunette; a real blonde would get off with a contemptuous raging every decent instinct; she is . . .

THE real blonde is barred from so many of life's great joys, that it is a pity to punish her. She escapes because she has not properly accepted humanity; and, not having its privileges, need not partake of its pains. But the brunette who dyes; who wants to be treated like a blonde, is cheating. She is outraging every decent instinct; she is . . .

(Professor Carr: It is perfectly dreadful that this purely scientific article should be taking on such a pompous moral tone. It's getting positively preachy. Printer! Please don't set up, even in galleys, the rest of Professor Carr's article. Kill it.—ED.)



VANITY FAIR'S PRIZE MOVIE SCENARIO

Winner of the Thousand-Dollar Reward for the Worst Short Film Story

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[June 1916, vol. 6, no. 4, p. 89.]

IT is time to take the public into our confidence. From what wonderworking, from what throbbing convolutions of what palpitating gray matter came those filmy, shimmering reels that thrill us so? At enormous expense we have prevailed upon those household-word-named impressarioni—or shall we say impressariacci?—Mr. Griffith, Mr. Sennett and Mr. Ince—to allow us to publish the first draft of their forthcoming hyperpyrexia, with their matchless scenario and sketches and explanatory notes.

THE PEARL GIRL Or, The Whale, the Siren and the Shoestring.

Scenario (probably) by Roy McCardell.

REEL I.—The home of *Senor Mañana*, the Silver King of Mexico, his daughter, *Peseta*, a willowy brunette with saucer-like eyes. (*Peseta Mañana*—Miss Mary Pickford.) (Note: *Miss Pickford is a blonde. We will have to overcome this difficulty somehow.*) Their wealth, elegance, and noble, patriarchal manners. Arrival of *Diego*, the pearl-fisher, with the only pearl in the world the size of an emu's egg. Sale of the pearl to the *Senor*. The pearl taken to Tiffany's to be set in a necklace. *Peseta* is observed at the necklace counter by a *Sinister Stranger*. (NOTE: *Arnold Daly might play this part very well.*) *Peseta* comes of age. Magnificent tango party, at which she wears the pearl. Entry of *Sinister Stranger*, who demands an interview with the *Wicked Baron*—we mean the *Silver King*, or *Senor Mañana*.



PESETA MANANA

(NOTE BY PRODUCER: During all these scenes, past, present and future, whether on the burning sands of Coney Island or the frozen steppes of the Bronx, people should constantly snatch up telephones and talk into them excitedly, without waiting to get any particular number. It all helps. Silhouettes of mysterious people may also pass behind a window.

They have nothing to do with the story, but they excite curiosity and are soon forgotten in the general turmoil.)



THE SINISTER STRANGER

Registering pearlo-mania on the occasion of his first sight of the gem. Good facial work, this. He is not wearing a pagoda, but a fashionable movie cloak. The more capes, the more sinister

Ultimately, the *Sinister Stranger* and *Mañana* meet. "I demand your daughter and her pearl." "You are mad." "If not"— "I defy you." The *Sinister Stranger* produces a transfer on the Tenth Avenue Line, which the audience will understand to be that used long ago by *Mañana* as a boy, illegally, for he had started life on a shoestring. *Mañana*, in despair, and realizing that he can never live down the dishonest episode of the transfer, pulls the shoestring from his pocket and strangles himself with it. The *Sinister Stranger* snatches up *Peseta* and bolts, but they stumble over the hacienda and fall from the patio into the caramba, which is full of water. *Peseta* (pearl and all) is swallowed by a whale. (*The Whale*—Tom Wise or Miss Marie Dressler.)



SENOR MANANA STRANGLING HIMSELF No, he is not smoking a cigar: that is his tongue. Note how the muscles on his arm stand out because of the efforts he is expending to make a good job of it.

REEL II: *Limousine Lollipop*, an exquisite blonde, is fishing on the Yukon. Her mother has banished her from their Tenth Avenue mansion to the frozen Alaskan wilds, as she is getting much too fond of the Great White Way, and thinks it wise to let daughter cool off a bit. Besides, Mamma has a little affair of her own, and *Limousine* is in the way. By and by, after an encounter with a polar bear, she meets a lovely *Esquimau*. They chat. The *Esquimau*

embraces *Limousine*. She kills the *Esquimau* for trying to flirt with her, and then suddenly she feels a pull on her line. It slackens, but there is still something there. She reels it in. She has false-hooked the whale by the pearl necklace which his throat was too small to swallow. (See any Natural History.) The great pearl is hers! She plots to return to Broadway with her prize. But it is spring; the ice is breaking up; she finds herself adrift upon the trackless ocean!



LIMOUSINE FISHING ON THE YUKON

It is midwinter; but the midnight sun is visible; for it is tea-time. Limousine bitterly regrets the gay life of Broadway. The jagged things are Mount Irenecastle, Mount Georgecohan, and Mount F.P.A. Limousine, it will be noticed, has been banished by her mamma to Alaska in her summer frock and her high-heeled bottines.

The spring advances rapidly. *Limousine's* iceberg drifts ever in a southerly direction, melting as it goes. At last it is only just large enough to support her. Still it grows smaller! What can she do? Standing on one toe she pirouettes on the ever dissolving ice cake. An inspiration! She produces a play she has written and reads it aloud. Like magic the ice cake expands. The play is a frost! Suddenly a liner appears. No; it is a British man-of-war. Gracious heavens! and *Limousine's* sole literary solace in these trying months has been a copy of "The Fatherland"! *Limousine* is taken to

London as an exceedingly suspicious character, and enters the Tower of London by the gloomy portals of the Traitor's Gate!

REEL III: *Limousine* is to be shot in the Tower as a spy. "Fire!" is given, a Zeppelin drops a bomb of high explosive, which deflects the bullets. She herself is blown gently into the river, where she is rescued by a waiting U-boat, which has popped up to see the result of the Zeppelin raid. It will doubtless have occurred to everyone that so far we have had no motor-cars; and a film without a motor-car is like "Macbeth" without the Thane of Cawdor. So we will have the submarine pursued by the whole British army—in twelve-cylinder automobiles. *Limousine*, however, escapes on the submarine. (This is rather tame, but it would be a bore to have her arrested a second time. We must thrash out something new. Perhaps after lunch!) On arrival at New York *Limousine* is met at the docks by . . .



LOVE IN THE ARCTIC

Rear view of the rude and flirtatious Esquimau embracing the fair Limousine

Now we switch right back to the Mañana family. It's irritating, of course, but all the movie concerns are doing it. *Peseta*, inconsolable at the loss of her father and her pearl, though glad that she has escaped the *Whale*—which she did in the usual manner by diving down his throat (large enough for her, if not for the pearl) and boring her way out with a hat-pin—finds herself upon a desert island. Now, do you remember the play which *Limousine* produced on the ice cake? You don't. All right, let's have a switchback then,

showing the play. Now you remember, don't you? Good. There isn't any reason why you should recall the incident, but that switchback will add a few feet to the film. Penniless and starving, *Peseta* decides to become a newspaper reporter on the "Coral Evening Headache." She gets a position as Society Editor and is rapidly promoted, after various adventures (which I shall leave to my subordinates to work out). She is finally transferred to Vanity Fair in New York and is made Lingerie Editor. In this capacity she goes down to the docks and—

Recognizes in *Limousine Lollipop* the *Sinister Stranger* who has thus disguised himself in order to win back the pearl and the girl. They embrace, of course! (*Darkness*.)

"Pass out on this side, please, and let those take their seats who have not seen the film."



HARRIS & EWING

STUART X

STUART X—THE GREAT UNKNOWN⁸

An Unofficial Adviser to the Universe in General

[August 1916, vol. 6, no. 6, p. 35.]

HENRY CLIFFORD STUART, who calls himself Stuart X, was sometime United States Consul-General in Guatemala City, and is now a resident of Washington, D.C. The editors of the United States have been wondering a good deal about this same Stuart X. A hundred or so of them get a letter from him every day; letters dealing with everything under the sun, from the whiskers of Presidential candidates to the love-affairs of Gabriele d'Annunzio. These letters are written in what anyone else would call vers libre, or in a strange nervous prose—in either case amazingly individual.

HIS point of view may be rudely described as that of an inspired baby. The language in which he clothes his thoughts is partly like that of William Blake and partly like that of Friedrich Nietzsche. There is also in him more than a trace of Thomas Carlyle, because of the violence of his expressions, and of his trick of considering the anatomical structure of words while he is in the act of using them. He sometimes gets his derivations all wrong; but what does he care? It all depends—as Humpty-Dumpty pointed out to Alice—on who is to be the Master. Stuart X never leaves the matter in a moment's doubt; if a word won't at first behave, he whips it till it does. If he gets annoyed about "law," he spells it L-AWE, with italics in queer and unexpected places.

All this sort of thing destroys the peace of mind of editors, which is what Stuart X wants to do.

HERE is some of his sound philosophy:

⁸ Note: There is no name attached to this article. See also article by Crowley: 'Protests He is not the Author "Stuart X"' in the appendix and our introduction.

THE TRUTH Do not say—"THIS is the TRUTH" But—So it seems—to me —to be —as I —now —see —the part

—I think I see.

He apparently has no idea that Pyrrho said the same thing about 3,000 years ago, by replying "Perhaps"—the irritating person—to every question.

AND here are two paragraphs from a recent letter of his which emphasize the highly original slant of the man's mind:

"The gentlest man I ever knew—killed seven Chinamen—with a shovel."

"Another gentle and child-like nature—one of the early California miners, whose only weapon was an elongated revolver—ran an entire military company out of a Guatemala town because their Captain had insulted his, the miner's, WIFE. And he held the town, too, until they sent a regiment from the Capital of Guatemala. But he did not "apologize."

The American Minister had to do that, for him. "What a profession!"

STUART X is publishing a couple of hundred of his letters, poems and miscellaneous papers, in book form. No book of recent years has been more formless or uninventional in structure. It is merely a personality, in print; a man's character on paper. A Prophet in His Own Country, he has called the book, and, as he has made a careful study of the idiosyncrasies of every man, woman and thing on our planet between the ages of nine and ninety, and has written

⁹ It was published as: *A Prophet in His Own Country: being the letters of Stuart X to many men on many occasions*, self-published by the Author, Washington D.C., 1916. Note, this work was edited by Crowley. See Appendix.

him, her, or it a series of letters about the psychophysiology of the infrasubtersuper – sinetenus – proetprae-consciousness—with italics—it will not be his fault if he does not sell at least one copy.





CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

The Cemetery and the Shooting Gallery

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by Aleister Crowley

[August 1916, vol. 6, no. 6, p. 86.]

"GRAVEYARD VIEW HOTEL! Singular announcement," said our stroller to himself, "but well calculated to produce thirst. Sure enough, the master of this inn must appreciate Horace and the poets of the school of Epicurus; perhaps even he knows the refinement of the old Egyptians, who held no festival without a skeleton or some other emblem of the shortness of life."

In he went, drank a glass of beer opposite the tombstones, and slowly smoked a cigar. Then the fancy took him to go into the cemetery whose grass was so tall and so inviting, and where so rich a sun held sway.

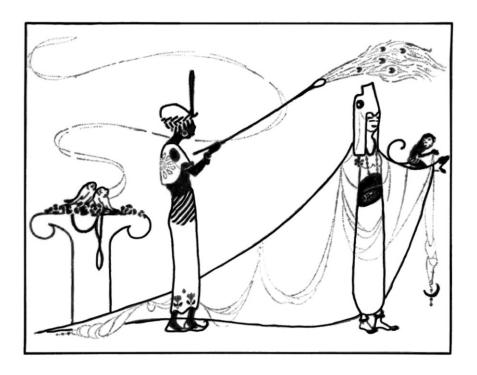
In effect, the light and the heat were revelling there, and one would have said that the drunken sun was wallowing at all its length upon a carpet of magnificent flowers nourished upon destruction. An immense rustle of life filled the air; the life of things infinitely small, which was interrupted at regular intervals by the rattle of the shots of a neighboring shooting gallery, which burst forth like the explosion of champagne corks amid the murmur of a muffled symphony.

THEN, under the sun which warmed his brain and in the atmosphere of the burning perfumes of death, he heard a voice whisper beneath the tomb where he was seated, and this voice said, "Accursed be your targets and your guns, ye noisy folk that are alive, who care so little for the dead and their divine rest! Accursed be your ambitions, accursed be your calculations, impatient mortals, who come to study the art of slaying so close to the sanctuary of death! What futile mark do you aim at, what petty result do you

obtain? Is it not all vanity that prompts you to this practice? Is your effort to learn how to kill sufficiently to be rewarded by the infliction of death? If you knew how easy the prize was to gain, how easy the mark was to hit, and how all is nothing except death, you would not take so much trouble, O toilsome folk that are alive, and you would trouble less often the slumber of those who long since have hit the mark, sole true mark of detestable life."



THE BORED WALK



Mystics and Their Little Ways¹⁰

One Is Nothing, While Two Is—In Reality—One

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[October 1916, p. 142, 144.]

MYSTICISM is really quite simple. It is merely a State of Mind in which all phenomena are regarded as pure illusion. The only reality is what is called by one mystic the Pleroma; by another Isvara, or Parabrahman, or Purusha; by a third, God; by a fourth, the Pure Soul; by a fifth, Being, or the Absolute—and so on, more or less indefinitely.

Mysticism is not a belief. It is a matter of direct experience resulting from interior illumination, now and then—though not often—arising spontaneously. More usually it results from persistence in certain religious practises, such as meditation, for instance.

MYSTICISM is entirely a matter for each individual, so that mystics rarely form sects, and when they do, the sects are never successful. However, there have been the Gnostics, the Therapeutae, the Cathari, the Essenes, and of course, farther East, the Sufis, the Taoists and various Indian and Indo-Chinese groups. But this is all a sort of accident. Every mystic of any account is really a solitary who, thinking to bring all men to his own perfection, merely succeeds in founding a new cult, or religion.

Most of the original disciples of such a man have had probably some mystic experience. Then arises some worldly, ambitious person who exploits the crude (and, failing to understand them, glosses over the subtle) elements of the Master's teaching. All "teaching" is cardinally false, as nothing matters so much as

¹⁰ This was reprinted in *Revival of Magick and Other Essays (Oriflamme* No. 2), OTO/New Falcon, Arizona, 1998.

teaching each man how to destroy the illusion which is keeping him from perfection.

MANY mystics have, of course, realized the fatuity of founding a religion, and so have left themselves to a small circle of disciples. Such were Porphyry, Plotimus, Joachim of Flons, Hildegard of Binjen, Elizabeth of Schonau, Ameluc of Bena, Meister Eckart, Suso, Tauler, van Ruysbroeck, Gerhard Groot, Thomas Munzer, Nicholas of Cusa, Sebastian Franck, Paracelsus, Valentine Weigel, Jacob Boehme, St. Teresa, Mme. Guyon, John of the Cross, J. G. Gichtel, Henry More, Poiret, Dr. Dee and Sir E. Kelly, William Blake, Bernard of Clairvaux, Hugh and Richard of St. Victor, Novalis, Bonaventura, Eliphaz Levi, Victor Benjamin Newburg, and our own Emerson. Of many of these men we have little trace. We can only rely upon their occasional treatises and letters. It would be impossible to give account of the Asiatic mystics. In Asia every man realizes that mysticism is the soul of religion, and seeks a direct mystical experience.

OF mystics who have founded or attempted to found cuits we have more famous names: Socrates (and Plato), Zoroaster, Dionysus, Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis of Assisi, Apollonus of Tyana, Issa bin Jusuf, William Law, Claude de St. Martin, George Fox, Swedenborg and H. P. Blavatzsky. Perhaps Andreas, and his successors, and many others who have preferred to work through the medium of secret societies, should also be mentioned. Often in such cases their names and deeds are lost, although their work may have secretly revolutionized the spiritual life of whole continents.

The method of a mystic in proclaiming his "Law" is always the same. He takes one single, simple, fundamental, revolutionary remark, and makes the Universe obey it. Thus Mohammed with his "There is one God." The rest is but the harvest of that seed. So also Buddha with his denial of the Atman, the cardinal doctrine of the Hindus; he puts his finger on the one essential of the system which he seeks to destroy, and the whole system explodes. A modern instance is the saying "Do what thou wilt; shall be the whole of the Law. Love is the Law—Love under Will."

For mysticism at its best may be defined as Genius on a Religious plane. And all genius consists of two parts: one, the capacity

to see, hear and feel everything in the world with accuracy; and two, the power to distil this impression to a quintessence, and pour it forth as a perfume: Now the mystic mind can, by definition, do both of [p. 144] these things. It interprets every phenomenon as a direct dealing of God with the soul, and it creates from each phenomenon an image of glory, radiates it and spreads it over the universe.

Shelley has voiced the portrait of a true mystic in a single stanza:

"He can watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom;
Nor heed, nor see, what things they be;
Yet from these, create he can
Forms more real than living man—
Nurslings of immortality."

This is the keynote of all mystics, that their analysis of the Universe ultimates in Deity. The consciousness is no longer human, but divine. Country and language hardly vary the very expression.

MANSOUR, the Persian mystic, was stoned for saying "I am The Truth, and within my turban I wrap nothing but God." His blood is said to have traced "An' el Haqq"—I am the Truth—upon the sand. The usual greeting of the Hindu is almost identical. "Thou art That," he exclaims reverently on meeting a man, and places his hands together as a sign that Two are in reality One.

The Gnostics, the Neoplatonists, the Christians, all possess this same inner consciousness. There is only one further step, and that is to identify this One with Nothing. The Chinese were the first to express this clearly in words; their conception of the Tao is still unequalled for clarity on this point. But Indian and Christian have outdone them in detail and in intellectual demonstration. In the famous "Book of Lies," one of the best modern treatises on mysticism, by Frata Perdurabo, the author fills his first page with a question-mark, and the reverse of it with a mark of exclamation, signifying that the Universe has two phases, scepticism and mysticism, and that these two are equal and opposite, and therefore

One. His first chapter he calls "The Chapter which is not a chapter," and begins it with the sign: O!

He means, by the O, the infinitely large; by the O the infinitely small; and by the straight line, the manifested universe, the result of the interplay of the first two. He then descends to our inferior understanding by using mere words, and describes "The Anite Primal Triad which is NOT-GOD" in these simple but elegant terms:

"Nothing is. Nothing becomes. Nothing is not."

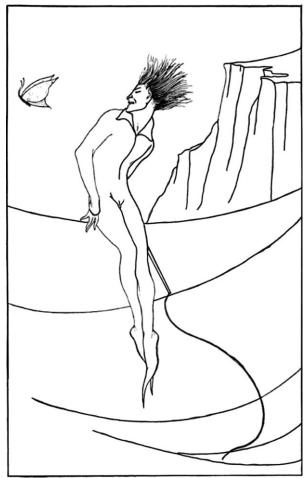
Of course, when Nothing is not, Something is; so we reach "The First Triad, which is GOD," which begins "I AM."

There are many other chapters to excite wonder in this little volume. Here are some additional phrases: It is not necessary to understand; it is enough to adore. The God may be of clay; adore him and he becomes GOD. We ignore what created us; we adore what we create. Let us create nothing but GOD! That which causes us to create is our true father and mother; we create in our own image—which is theirs. Let us therefore create without fear; for we can create nothing that is not GOD.

And this is from the chapter called "Phaeton":

"No.
Yes.
Perhaps.
O!
Eye.
I,
Hi!
Y!
No.
Hail!"

This chapter needs no explanation; it is evidently a perfect synopsis and solution of the great Philosophical, Mystical and Ethical Problem which has always, and will always, baffle MAN.



You can float like a butterfly in the enchanted air

Drawn by Sydney Joseph

THE ATTAINMENT OF HAPPINESS¹¹

A Restatement of the Purpose of Mystical Teachings

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[November 1916, pp. 55, 134.]

THE best and wisest of men are always seeking a solution of the problem of human sorrow. There is one which the wandering ascetics of the world have always known. Whoever said "The kingdom of heaven is within you" certainly knew the best solution of the problem. Man is, in reality, only a very little lower than the angels. He is far more independent of circumstance than most people are aware. Happiness is not so utterly beyond his reach as those who do not climb spiritual mountains suppose.

But there are remedies nearer than the mighty pyramid of Chogo Ri, and the tented pavilion of the massif of Kangchenjanga.

You can woo the butterfly—the poppy bud. You can float, like a butterfly in the enchanted air. You have only to draw a little of the hydrochloride of cocaine into your nostrils, and you become full of intense virility and energy, a devourer of obstacles. To smoke a few pipes of opium, and you rise to the cloudless and passionless bliss of the philosopher. To swallow a little hashish and you behold all the fantastic glories of fable, and those a thousandfold; or to woo a flask of ether—breathing it as if it were the very soul of your Beloved—and you will perceive the heart of

this work after this article. The article was reprinted in *Revival of Magick and Other Essays (Oriflamme* No. 2), OTO/New Falcon, Arizona, 1998.

¹¹ Note that most of this article can be found in Crowley's *The Gospel According to Saint Bernard Shaw (Liber 888)* which was originally going to be included in *The Equinox*, vol. 3, no. 2, September 1919, the one after the so-called *Blue Equinox* (vol. 1, no. 1). It did reach the print stage, but he wasn't able to raise the money (around \$1,500) for release of the printed pages or the additional amount to get the volumes bound. For comparison, see extract from

Beauty in every vulgar and familiar thing.

Every one of these drugs gives absolute forgetfulness of all misfortune; nay, you may contemplate the most appalling catastrophes imminent or already fallen upon you; and you care no more for them than does Nature herself.

THE only drawback to the use of drugs is that the phenomenon of toleration is so soon set up, and the effect diminished; while for weaklings there is always the danger of the formation of a habit, when the treacherous servant becomes master, and takes toll for the boon of hisephemeral heavens by the bane of an abiding hell.

These remarks have only been introduced to emphasize the fact that happiness is an interior state; for every one of these drugs gives happiness supreme and unalloyed, entirely irrespective of the external circumstances of the individual. It would be folly to fill the apartment of an opium-smoker with the masterpieces of Rembrandt or Sotatsu, when a dirty towel or a broken chair suffices to flood his soul with more glories than it can bear; when he realizes that light itself is beautiful, no matter on what object it may fall, and when, if you asked him what he would do if he were blind, he would condescend, from Heaven, to reply that darkness was more lovely still, that light was but a disturbance of the serenity of the soul, a siren to seduce it from the bliss of the contemplation of its own ineffable holiness.

BUT why should we talk of drugs? They are only the counterfeit notes, or at best the fiat notes of a discredited government, while we are asking for purest gold. This gold can be ours for the asking.

We may begin by reassuring ourselves. The gold is really in the vaults of every man's treasury. The mystic quest is not a chimaera. The drugs assure us of that. They have not put anything supernatural into us; they have found nothing in us that was not already there. They have merely stimulated us. All the peace, the joy, the love, the beauty, the comprehension that they gave us; all these things were in us, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and soul of our soul. They are in our treasury, safe enough; and the chief reason why we should not burglariously use such skeleton keys as morphia is that by so doing we are likely to hamper our locks.

We see, then, that we are but so little lower than the angels that

the most trifling stimulus raises us to a plane where we enjoy—without consideration even of what it is that we enjoy! Our trouble is due entirely to the law that action and reaction are equal and opposite. We have to pay for the pleasure with pain. We sat up all night, last night, and so to-night we must go to bed early; we drank too much champagne at supper, and now, in the morning, it is the turn of Vichy. The question then has always been whether we can overcome this law of duality, whether we can reach—one step—to that higher plane where all will be ours.

MYSTICISM supplies the answer. The mystic attainment may be defined as the Union of the Soul with God, or as the soul's realization of Itself, or—but there are fifty phrases to define the attainment. Whether you are a Christian or a Buddhist, a Theist or an Atheist, the attainment of this state is as open to you as is night-mare, or madness, or intoxication. Religious folk have buried this fact under mountains of dogma; but the study of comparative religion has made it clear. One has merely to print parallel passages from the mystics of all ages and religions to see that they were talking of the same thing. One even gets verbal identities, such as the "That Tao which is Tao is not Tao" of the Chinese, the "Not That, not That" of the Hindu, the "Head which is above all Heads, the Head which is not a Head" of the Qabalist, and the "That is not, which is" of a modern atheistic or pantheistic mystic.

Mysticism, unless it be a mere barren intellectual doctrine, always involves some personal religious experience of this kind: and the real strength of every religion lies, consequently, in its mystics. The conviction of truth given by any important spiritual experience is so great that although it may have lasted for a few seconds only, it does not hesitate to pit itself against the experience of a lifetime, in respect of reality. The mystic doubts whether he, the man, exists at all, because he is so certain of the existence of him, the God; and the two beings are difficult to conceive intellectually as co-existent!

Now the extreme state of Being, Knowledge and Bliss, which characterizes the intermediate stages of mystic experience, is a thousandfold more [p. 134] intense than any other kind of happiness. It is totally independent of circumstance. We could bring a cloud of witnesses—to swear to this truth—from the ends of all the

earth; but one, the Persian bard Al Qahar, whose masterpiece is the Bagh-i-Muattar, ¹² must suffice.

"Whether Allah be or be not, is little odds so long as His devotees enjoy the mystic rapture—Whether He exist or no, whether He love him or no, Al Qahar will love Him and sing His praises. The perfect lover is calm and equable; storms of thunder, quakings of the earth, losses of goods, punishment from great men, none of these things cause him to rise from his divan, or to remove the silken robe of the rose-perfumed hugga [sic] from his mouth." ¹³

It is, therefore, unnecessary to fret over earthly problems and all the trials of a merely earthly experience. The root of the cause is duality, the antithesis of the Ego and the Non-Ego; and the cure is Realization of the Unity. Socialism, and religion, and love, and art, are all phantastic things, good to lull the ills of life: dreams pitted against dreams. But the only real way of going about the problem of happiness is to attack the cause of all our troubles, the illusion in us of a duality of being.

Every great mystic has taught us that a singleness with God is the prime desideratum.

THE Saviour's instructions to his disciples to "take no thought for the morrow," to "abandon father and mother and all other things," "not to have two cloaks," "not to resist evil," are merely the ordinary rules of every eastern and western mystic. The disciple must have nothing whatever to turn his mind to duality, or to divert

¹² Published under the pseudonym Major Alain Lutiy, *The Bagh-I-Muattar*, or *The Scented Garden of Abdullah the Satirist of Shiraz* (Printed by Philippe Renouard, Paris, 1910). Al Qahar is a Crowlevan pen-name.

¹³ See *ibid.*, p. ch. 11, Aziz: "Thy presence or absence makes no difference, therefore, to me. In the same way, whether Allah be or be not is little odds so long as His devotees enjoy the mystic rapture."

And, *ibid.*, ch. 18, The Tryst: "The perfect lover is calm and equable; storms of thunder, quakings of the earth, losses of goods, punishment from great men, none of these things cause him to rise from his divan, or to remove the silken tube of the rose-perfumed huqqa from his mouth." Note: should be *huqqa* not *huqqa*, as in hookah pipe.

his mind from concentration. The whole secret of "Yoga" is given in Matthew VI, 22. "The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." This is a perfectly simple statement of the virtue of what the Hindus call "one-pointedness." The gospel of John, too, is full of praises of mystic practice. "I and my Father are one," "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"; "I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Kappa Tau Lambda.

The Evangelists have been very stupidly accused of copying such passages from Chinese and Indian classics, on the grounds of absolute identity of idea, and even close verbal parallelism. It might be difficult to rebut such a charge if the passages were illustrative of remote, abstruse or even nonsensical doctrines.

FOR instance, if I happen to begin a poem by saying that: "The purple pigs lament the music of Madrid; They cook the nightingale with limping eyes of kid" it is fair to assume that I am plagiarizing the classic lines: "Les cochons rouges pleurent un musique español; leurs yeux de suéde boitent a cuire le rossignol," because it is highly unlikely that two such complex pieces of pure nonsense should occur to any two independent thinkers—unless indeed they were German metaphysicians. But fifty men may observe independently that still water reflects images and record the fact with all due solemnity. No question of copying arises from the restatement of any great truth. There is it is true, a universal tradition as to the means and of the end of mysticism, and we may perhaps think that Jesus had His teacher; but there is no necessity for any such supposition.

During an experiment made by me with a certain drug in an English midland hospital, the matron, who was one of my subjects, had not even a smattering of the history or even of the terminology of mysticism; yet she passed through trance after trance in the traditional order, and described her experiences in almost the same language as Laotze and Boehme, and Sri Sabhapaty Swami, and all the rest, of whom she had never so much as heard the names. One remedy for the ills of life is to make the subjective mind—by training—independent of all the senses. To cleanse the soul of the contamination of illusion; of the belief in duality; of the fear of even earthly misery.

Let us, by meditation and by all the true mystical practices, learn that the light of the body is the spiritual eye, and that the eye must be single, devoid of every thought of duality, to the end that the body and mind and soul shall be full of light. That is certainly a wise way to go about the attainment of happiness but, whether we think this is the best way, or the only way, there can be no reasonable doubt in the mind of any student of comparative religion that this is the way pointed out by at least one of the authors of the Gospel.

The Gospel According to St. Bernard Shaw (Extract)

There is of course another solution to the problem of human sorrow, and that is indeed one which the wandering ascetics of the world have known. Whoever said "The kingdom of heaven is within you" certainly knew it.

Man is only a very little lower than the angels. He is far more independent of circumstance than most people are aware. Happiness is not so utterly beyond his reach as those who do not climb mountains are sometimes apt to suppose.

[p.113]

But there are remedies nearer than the mighty pyramid of Chogo Ri, and the tented pavilion of the massif of Kangchenjanga. You have only to draw a little of the hypochloride of cocaine into your nostrils, and you become full of intense virility and energy, a devourer of obstacles; to smoke a few pipes of opium, and you rise to the cloudless and passionless bliss of the philosopher; to swallow a little hashish, and you behold all the fantastic glories of fable, and them a thousandfold; or to woo a flask of ether, breathing it as if it were the very soul of the Beloved, and you perceive all Beauty in every vulgar and familiar sight.

Every one of these drugs gives absolute forgetfulness of all misfortune; nay, you may contemplate the most appalling catastrophes imminent or already fallen upon you: and you care no more than Nature Herself.

The only drawback to the use of drugs is that toleration is so soon set up, and the effect diminished; while for weaklings there is

always the danger of the formation of a habit, when the treacherous servant becomes master, and takes toll for the boon of his ephemeral heavens by the bane of an abiding hell. These remarks have only been introduced to emphasize that happiness is an interior state; for every one of these drugs gives happiness supreme and unalloyed, entirely irrespective of the external circumstances of the individual. It would be folly to fill the apartment of an opium-smoker with the masterpieces of Rembrandt or Sotatsu, when a dirty tower or a broken chair suffices to flood his soul with more glories than it can bear, when he realizes that light itself is beautiful, no matter on what it may [p.114] fall, and when, if you asked him what he would do if he were blind, he would condescend from heaven to reply that darkness was more lovely still, that light was but a disturbance of the serenity of the soul, a siren to seduce it from the bliss of the contemplation of its own ineffable holiness.

But why should we talk of drugs? They are only counterfeit notes, or at best the Fiat notes of a discredited government, and we are seeking gold.

This pure gold is ours for the asking; its name is mysticism.

We may begin by reassuring ourselves. The gold is really in the vaults of the Treasury. The mystic quest is not a chimaera. The drugs assure us of that. They have not put anything supernatural into us; they have found nothing in us that was not already there. They have merely stimulated us. All the peace, the joy, the love, the beauty, the comprehension, they gave us; all these things were in us, bone of our bones, and flesh of our flesh, and soul of our soul. They are in our treasury, safe enough; and the chief reason why we should not burglariously use such skeleton keys as morphia is that by so doing we are likely to hamper the lock.

We see then that we are but so very little lower than angels that the most trifling stimulus raises us to a plane where we enjoy without consideration even of what it is that we enjoy. Raise humanity by a matter of five per cent, and the problem is solved! Our trouble is due entirely to the law that action and reaction are equal and opposite. We have to pay for the pleasure with pain. We sat up all last night, and now we must go to bed early; we [p.115] drank too much champagne, and now it is the turn of Vichy.

The question then has always been whether we can overcome this law of duality, whether we can reach—one step—to that higher

plane where all is ours. Mysticism supplies the answer.

The mystic attainment may be defined as the Union of the Soul with God, or as the realization of itself, or—there are fifty phrases for the same experience. The same, for whether you are a Christian or a Buddhist, a Theist or (as I am myself, thank God!) an Atheist, the attainment of this one state is as open to you as is nightmare, or madness, or intoxication. Religious folk have buried this fact under mountains of dogma; but the study of comparative religion has made it clear. One has merely to print parallel passages from the mystics of all ages and religions to see that they were talking of the same thing: one gets even verbal identities, such as the "That Tao which is Tao is not Tao" of the Chinese, the "Not That, Not That" of the Hindu, the "Head which is above all Heads, the Head which is not a Head" of the Qabalist, the "God is Nothing" of the Christian, and the "That is not which is" of a modern atheistic or pantheistic mystic.

Mysticism, unless it be a mere barren intellectual doctrine, always involves some personal religious experience of this kind; and the real strength of every religion is consequently in its mystics. The conviction of truth given by any important spiritual experience is so great that although it may have lasted for a few seconds only, it does not hesitate to pit itself against the experience of the lifetime in respect of reality. The mystic doubts whether he the man exists at all, because he is so certain [p.116] of the existence of him the God; and the two are difficult to conceive intellectually as coexistent!

Now the extreme state of Being, Knowledge, and Bliss which characterizes the intermediate stages of mystic experience, is a thousandfold more intense than any other kind of happiness. It is totally independent of circumstance. We could bring a cloud of witnesses from the ends of all the earth; but one, the Persian bard Al Qahar, whose masterpiece is the Bagh-i-Muattar, must suffice.

"Whether Allah be or be not is little odds so long as His devotees enjoy the mystic rapture.—Whether He exists or no, whether He love him or no, Al Qahar will love Him and sing His praises."

"The perfect lover is calm and equable; storms of thunder, quakings of the earth, losses of goods, punishment from great

men, none of these things cause him to rise from his divan, or to remove the silken tube of the rose-perfumed huqqa from his mouth."

It is therefore unnecessary to fret over social problems and the rest of it; the root of the cause is duality, the antithesis of the Ego and the Non-Ego; and the cure is Realization of the Unity. Why treat symptoms, when we can eradicate the disease, especially as in this case the symptoms are sheer hullucinations [sic] on the part of the patient?

It is the old story of the man in the railroad car with a basket, and the importunate stranger. "Say, stranger, 'scuse me, but may I ask what you have in that basket?" "Mongoose." "What 'n Hades is a mongoose?" "Mongoose eats snakes." "But what do you want with a mongoose?" "My brother sees snakes." (A pause) "But, say, [p.117] stranger, them ain't no real snakes." "This ain't a real mongoose." "

Socialism, and religion, and love, and art, are all phantastic things, good to lull the ills of life, dreams pitted against dreams. But the only cure is to attack the cause of all the trouble, the illusion of duality.

Now to do this is a matter of common knowledge: or if not, it is no fault of mine, for I have written two million words or more upon the subject, and this is no place to add to their number; but it is very decidedly the place to observe that both the goal and the means are constantly advocated not only by the Jesus of John, but even here and there by him of the Synoptics. Most of His instructions to his disciples to "take no thought for the morrow" to "abandon father and mother and all other things", "not to have two cloaks", "not to resist evil", are the ordinary rules of every eastern

¹⁴ This was a very popular story at the time. Compare *The Aeroplane*, vol. 23, no. 1 (1922), p. 60. "The truth is that the R.A.F. were only instructed to make a display and not to adopt war tactics, in which case the aircraft would not have been seen by anybody. The whole incident reminds one of the story of the inquisitive railway passenger who asked a fellow-traveller what he had in a basket in the carriage. The owner said it was a mongoose which he was taking to catch pink snakes which a sick friend of his was seeing. The inquisitive one replied, 'But those aren't real snakes.' And the owner answered—'No! And this ain't a real mongoose.'"

and western mystic. He must have nothing whatever to divert his mind from its concentration.

The whole secret of "Yoga" is given in Matthew VI, 22. "The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." This is a perfectly simple statement of the virtue of what the Hindus call "Ekagrata", "one-pointedness".

The gospel of John, too, is full of dithyrambs expressing the results of mystic practice. "I and my Father are one"; "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"; "I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Kappa Tau Lambda.

It may be remarked incidentally that a great deal more can be made out on this line by studying the Greek original, when [p. 118] the technical value in mystical phraseology of the words employed is noted. (See the Commentaries on Matthew and John of the Hon. P. Ramanthan C.M.G., whose mystic name is Sri Parananda.)¹⁵

The Evangelists have been very stupidly accused of copying such passages from Chinese and Indian classics, on the grounds of absolute identity of idea, and even close verbal parallelism. It might be difficult to rebut the charge if all this were talk in the air. If I happen to begin a poem, "The purple pigs lament the music of Madrid; They cook the nightingale with limping eyes of kid" it is fair to assume that I am plagiarizing Missinglinck's "Les cochons rouges pleurent un musique español; leurs yeux de suéde boitent a cuire le rossignol", because it is unlikely that two such complex pieces of pure nonsense should occur to two independent thinkers—unless, indeed, they were German metaphysicians. But fifty men may observe independently that still water reflects images, and record it; no question of copying arises.

There is, it is true, an universal tradition of the means and of the end of mysticism, and we may perhaps think that Jesus, like other mystics, had his teacher; but there is no necessity for any such supposition. During an experiment made by me with a certain drug in a certain hospital in the English Midlands, the matron, who was one of the subjects, had not even a smattering of the history or even of the terminology of mysticism; yet she passed through

¹⁵ The Gospel of Jesus According to St. Matthew (1898) and An Eastern Exposition of the Gospel of Jesus according to St. John (1902).

trance after trance in the traditional order, and described her experiences in the very same language as Laotze and Boehme, and Sri Sabhapaty Swami, and all the rest, of whom she had never heard so much as the names.

[p. 119]

One remedy for the ills of life is therefore by dealing with the subjective mind, by training it to independence of the senses, by cleansing the soul of the contamination of illusion; and whether we think that this is the best way, or the only way, or regard it in its turn as mere delusion, there can be no reasonable doubt in the mind of any student of comparative religion that this way is the way pointed out by at least one of the figures in the Gospels who is included in the comprehensive word Jesus.



LILLIAN GISH IN THE CRADLE SCENE IN "INTOLERANCE" The vogue of Mr. Griffith's gigantic moving-picture production seems to be growing at an alarming pace. Already it has been shown—and repeatedly—in every sizable city in America. The cradle scene depicted above is, in a sense, the keystone of the whole "Intolerance" arch!

AN IMPROVEMENT ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS¹⁶

The Psychology of the Unconscious—for Dinner-Table Consumption

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[December 1916, vol. 7, no. 4, p. 60, 137.]

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS, the investigation of the nature of the mind, is an old diversion. But science—if it really be science—has found a new method for such analytical parlor games. By it the reactions of a man to various impressions, through the nerves, are measured. The quickening of his pulse, when the professor suddenly shouts the word "Muriel" at him; the depressed expression when he whispers the words "income tax"; all these can now be weighed in the scales of science.

After a laborious research of months the whole nature of the soul is laid bare, and the reasons of a preference for Cherrystones over Little Neck clams, unmasked. Even the character of a man's dreams is supposed by this school to reveal his hidden nature.

Professor Freud of Vienna is the best known of those who have been developing this line of study, but recently Professor Jung of Zurich, has challenged his teaching and his supremacy alike with a book called "Psychology of the Unconscious" (Moffat, Yard & Co.).¹⁷

There is, in short, a split in the psycho-analysis camp. This essay will give in outline the main doctrine of psycho-analysis, and

¹⁶ This was reprinted in *Revival of Magick and Other Essays (Oriflamme* No. 2), OTO/New Falcon, Arizona, 1998.

¹⁷ Jung's book, subtitled "A study of the transformations and symbolisms of the libido: a contribution to the history of the evolution of thought," was first published in 1912 in German, with English translations shortly thereafter. The edition Crowley cites was published in New York, 1916.

explain the nature of the quarrel between Freud and Jung.¹⁸ The subject is quite a fascinating one, and will probably be discussed at every dinner-table during the coming social season.

OUR grandmothers, before we had finished teaching them to extract nutriment from ova (by suction), were wont to spend the hours of night-lights with divines—or rather, with their Works. They would interpret their own dreams by the air of a variety of theological works. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela*. To-day our grandmothers dance the hula-hula at Montmartre, or at the Castles in the Air, until the dawn breaks, and they now interpret their dreams by the aid of Professor Freud or Professor Jung, for Joseph and his ilk have been tried and found wanting.

Psycho-analysis has been but ill understood by the average man. Most of us, however, will acquiesce in the necessity for an enquiry into the cause of dreams—and of the poet's dreams, dreams which are in reality the myths of a race. For all effects have psychic or hidden causes.

THE Victorian age was distinguished by its mechanical interpretation of all phenomena. Not only did it destroy our ideas of the divine nature of the soul, but it would not even permit us to be human. A live man only differed from a dead one as a machine in motion does from one at rest. The only exception to this analogy was that we did not know how to restart a man that happened to have stopped.

DREAMS, therefore, were regarded as undigested thoughts. I made a small research of my own in this matter, recording the dreams of a month. All but two of some fifty of my dreams were clearly connected, either with the events of the previous day, or with the conditions of the moment. Rainfall on my face would start a dream of some adventure by water, for example. Or a battle royal

¹⁸ The two psychologists fell out in 1913 over their theories; Jung considered Freud to be too reductionist in his approach, and refused to accept the main drive in human life was based on the sexual instinct; also Jung started conceptualising the idea of a collective consciousness, believing it to be more important than direct experience.

with a man at chess would fight itself all over again, with fantastic additions, in the over-tried and overexcited brain.

I am bound to say that the theory that dreams come from natural causes in our every-day life seems to me perfectly an adequate and satisfactory one. I conceive of the brain as an *édition de luxe* of the wax cylinder of a dictograph. I imagine that disturbances of our blood currents (intoxications, and the like) reawaken some of these impressions at random, with the same result, more or less, as if you started a victrola, and kept on jerking it irregularly. Our thoughts are normally criticized and controlled by reason and reflection and will; when these are in abeyance they run riot, combine in monstrous conspiracies, weave wizard dances. Delirium is but exaggerated nightmare.

But since the Victorians, the universe is conceived more as dynamic than kinematic, more as force than as [p. 137] motion; and the will has at last become all-important to philosophy.

WE ought not to be surprised to learn that Dr. Jung of Zurich balked at some of Freud's conclusions. Instead of relating will to sex, he related sex to will. Thus, all unconsciously, he has paved the way for a revival of the old magical idea of the will as the dynamic aspect of the self. Each individual, according to the initiates, has his own definite purpose, and assumes human form, with its privileges and penalties, in order to execute that purpose. This truth is expressed in magical language by the phrase "Every man and every woman is a star," which stands at the head of all hieratic writings "Liber Legis." It follows that "The word of Sin is Restriction"; "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." So, once more, we see Science gracefully bowing her maiden brows before her old father, Magic.

Dr. Jung has, however, not reached this high point in conscious thought. But he sees clearly enough that neuroses and insanities spring from repressions, from internal conflicts between desire and

¹⁹ A dictograph was an American invention, popular at the time, and used in conjunction with a telephone, for the home or office. It magnified the sound to enable the mouthpiece to be dispensed with, similar to a speaker phone.

²⁰ Note the original word was "virgin" which the editor thought a little risky and changed it to "maiden." See *The Confessions*, p. 648. The sentence he quotes there is, "Science offer her virgin head to the caress of Magick."

inhibition; and he does apparently accept fully the definition of "libido" as Will, in the magical sense. Bergson's "elan vital" is very much the same, if a shallower conception. At any rate, let us rejoice that the tedious and stupid attempt to relate every human idea to sex has been relegated to oblivion; or, if you prefer to put it that way, that we must now interpret sex in vaster symbols, comprehending and achieving the ancient and modern worships of Pan as embracing the universe more adequately than almost any other conception. The charge of anthropomorphism still lies; but this is necessary. "God is man"—the third and secret motto of the Knights of the Temple—is, after all, for humanity at least, a proposition of identity, and relative only in so far as all Truth is relative.

THE main practical issue of Jung's acquiescence in magical theory is, as explained above, his interpretation of myths. The myth is the dream of the race. He sees that Freud cannot sustain his thesis that every dream is a picture of unfulfilled desire; but he seeks to prove that the great myths of the race, being really the poems of the race, are the artistic and religious expression of the will of the race. For the will of the world becomes articulate in the true poet, and he is the incarnation of the spirit of the times (the Zeitgeist). He was of old limited by the frontiers of his own civilization and time, but today his footstool is the planet, and he thinks in terms of eternity and of infinite space.

Now Jung's great work has been to analyze the race myths, and to find in them the expression of the unconscious longings of humanity.

We cannot think that he has been particularly happy in selecting wooden, academic exercises like "Hiawatha," which has as much inspiration as the Greek iambics of a fourth-form boy in a fourth-rate school; and he is still obsessed by the method and also by the main ideas of Freud. Much of his analysis is startling, and at first sight ridiculous.

CAN we close our eyes to the perpetual contradictions in his alleged symbolism? Jung regards a serpent on a monument as desire, or the obstacle to desire, or the presence of desire, or the absence of desire, just as suits his purpose. There is no consistency in the

argument, and there is no serious attempt to bring all cognate symbols into parallel. He brings many, it is true—but he omits certain important ones, so that one is bound to suspect that all his omissions are intentional!

However, the main point of this paper is to illustrate the prime line of reasoning adopted by Jung. This understood, the reader can ferret out his own explanations for his own dreams, desires and myths!

Jung is a determinist. The Victorians—especially Herbert Spencer—denying "free will," would argue that a man ate an egg not because he wanted to do so, but because of the history of the universe. The forces of infinity and eternity bent themselves in one herculean effort, and pushed the egg into his mouth! This is quite undeniable; but it is only one way of looking at the egg question.

Now Jung treats literature in just this way. He will not admit that an author has any choice of material. If Rupert of Hentzau wounds somebody in the shoulder, it is because of the story of Pelops and Hera, in which the shoulder is a sexual symbol. If the other man ripostes and touches Rupert in the ear, it is because Pantagruel was born from the ear of Gargamelle. So the ear is a sexual symbol. If the hero of a novel goes from Liverpool to New York, it is the myth of "the night journey by sea of the sun." If he goes on to Brooklyn, it is the Descent into Hades of Vergil, or Dante, or anybody else! There is no evasion of this type of argument; but all arguments that prove everything prove nothing! If I prove that some cats are green, it is interesting; but if I go on to show that all cats are green, I destroy myself. "Greenness" becomes included implicitly in the idea of "cat." It is senseless to say that "all bipeds have two legs."

HOWEVER, Dr. Jung does not mind this at all. He definitely wishes to reduce the universe of will, which we think so complex and amusing, to a single crude symbol. According to him, the history of humanity is the struggle of the child to free itself from the mother. Every early need is met by the mother; hunger and fatigue find solace at her breast. Even the final "will to die," the desire of the supreme and eternal repose, is interpreted as the return to earth, the mother of us all.

It will occur to the reader that there is much in this; for instance,

the myth or religion of the race tends to disappear with its emancipation from the mother and family system.

BUT we cannot conquer one's revolt against what seems the essential absurdity of the whole Jung argument; that, considering—let us say, the importance of the horse to man, with so many horses to choose from, Jung can see nothing in a story of a man on horseback but a reference to the "symbol of the stamping horse," which has something to do with the dreams of one of his neurotic patients on the one hand, and the mythical horse in the Rig-Veda on the other!

We almost prefer the refinement of modesty evidenced by the young lady who always blushed when she saw the number "six"—because she knew Latin! However, we should all study Jung. His final conclusions are in the main correct, even if his rough working is a bit sketchy; and we've got to study him, whether we like it or not, for he will soon be recognized as the undoubted Autocrat of the 1917 dinner-table.

Just ask your pretty neighbor at dinner to-night whether she has introverted her Electra-complex; because it will surely become one of the favorite conversational gambits of the coming social season!



Chez Sherry: A Prose Poem

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[December 1916, vol. 7, no. 4, p. 168.]

BAUDELAIRE says of the man who has eaten Hashish that he thinks himself a god who has dined ill; but I am not eating Hashish; I am eating *bécasse flambé*, and already I am a god who has dined devilish well.

For I am sitting on the balcony at Sherry's, and I am one of the superior gods. Yes, this is a temple, and the *maitre d'hôtel* is the high priest of my cult. But they do not know my secret. I have a god of my own—the God of Sunset, whom the old Egyptians worshipped by his name of Tum. I am moved always to sly sacrilegious jests like this by that unusual Corton. With the second bottle the world becomes visible to my eyes: I see my friends about me, every one with a quick smile, a pleasant word, a deferential bow, or a glance of secret understanding. Magistral they sit among the napery and the silver and the crystal under the lamps, my friends delectable.

THERE is the dapper banker, who slips me the sufficient word of Wall Street; there the gray dowager, to whose good will I owe so perfect a week at Newport; beyond her, with a gay crowd of sparkling girls, sits the King of Tact, young, handsome, and urbane, telling a delicately witty story. At the next table is the strong, stern face, lit kindly, of the great lawyer who plays politicians for pawns, and defies empires as a lesser man might defy flies.

But mostly I am shamming; I pretend to greet the world; in truth my eyes flash furtively to a certain corner where, like a fairy peeping from a cornflower, amid her crepitating silk and whispering lace, laughs the rose-gold and ivory of a wine-flushed Bacchanal face, tiny and yet terrible, framed in faint flames of hair. Nobody

knows as yet that we are eng—hush! I will not tell it even to myself; I will signal it in sips of Burgundy, and get her answer in champagne!

I LIKE dining alone, for a change; I can perceive what, when I dine with others, I can only feel. The restaurant is not only a temple made with hands; it is the true temple, the universe. The stately swirl, ideally solemn and merry at once, is but a presentation, in the form of art, of the birth of a nebula. But silence! What are they about to sacrifice at my altar? It is my own favorite dish—a truffle wrapped in red pepper and a sage leaf, stewed in champagne, then baked in the shortest, crispest dumpling that delight could dream; each dumpling set upon a pyramid of *foie de gras*. Besides them is an egg-shell china dish of caviar with stalks of young onions finely chopped—moistened with vodka. It is that which gives me one appetite for the salad of vanilla and alligator pear!

I do not know any music like the murmur of a thousand hushed voices; I do not know any sight fairer than love and friendship—the flowers of philosophy—incarnate among men and women. And here I see them at the culmination. All harshness, all distress, all things that mar the measure, these no longer exist for us who dine. Without, the wind may howl, and fearful things of darkness menace our joys. Does not the blackness, the cold of space, encompass every star and every system?

DO not be melancholy; have you not heard the tale of the philosopher who made the experiment of intoxicating himself with ether, and, after a little while, said solemnly, "NOTHINGNESS, with twinkles." Then, after applying himself yet a little more to the vial of madness, raised his venerable head, lofty with the purity and passion that informed it, to remark, "Nothingness with twinkles—but what twinkles!"²¹

²¹ See "The 'Star-Sponge' Vision," which occurred around the summer of this year. Of it Crowley wrote: "I was on a retirement in a cottage overlooking Lake Pasquaney in New Hampshire. I lost consciousness of everything but a universal space in which were innumerable bright points, and I realized this as a physical representation of the universe, in what I may call its essential structure.

That (for I have finished the salad) is my identical state: nothing else is worth a word; bring the *profite-rolles au chocolat*! The frozen cream within, a core of coolness; the spongy sweetness that engirdles it, the boiling chocolate sauce splashed over it—it is like the purity of love that masks itself in sweetness, strength, and passion.

But love is not the end of life; beyond it is true worship, symbolized by coffee that makes vigilant; cognac that intoxicates; and the cigar that marries these in equipollence of peace.

No, do not think, blasphemer, that I have dined! I have been god and worshipper, not in one temple only, but in every temple, of the universe. I have passed from the abyss to the abyss, and sounded every lyre of heaven, and heard its echo on every drum of hell.

IF I am exhausted, it is not with wine, but with ineffable rapture—for it is almost akin to suffering, this delight wherein one is lost and overwhelmed. The chariots of eternity and the horsemen thereof, oh my father! They course upon my soul; they trample my humanity; they leave me crushed and bleeding, so that, radiant and immortal, my pure, my passionate, my imperishable, impenetrable soul may seize the sceptre and acclaim itself imperial, heir of its celestial halidom, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; a unit conscious of its identity with all; a concentration of knowledge, being, and bliss armed against change and sorrow and illusion . . .

"Your check, sir."

the result that the void space which had been the principal element of it diminished in importance; space appeared to be ablaze, yet the radiant points were not confused, and I thereupon completed my sentence with the exclamation, 'but what twinkles!'" See the new comment in *The Law is for All* (p.144). It is also quoted in *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1979), ch. 82, p. 809.



THE ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF PIRATE BRIDGE²²

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[January 1917, vol. 7, no. 5, p. 56.]

THERE are six major drawbacks to Auction Bridge. Here they are: 1. Mismated partners. You get a fiend for a partner and can't shake him off. 2. Mismated hands. The two good heart hands never seem to come together. The good spade partners are opposed to each other, etc., etc. 3. The frequency with which bids are set. In actual practice only nine bids out of thirteen are successful at auction. 4. The fact that you are liable all through a rubber, for your partner's mistakes. 5. The bickering, fault-finding, nagging, and exhibitions of bad temper. 6. It is not a good game for the gambling type of player, as only two people can win—or lose—and they must always win or lose like amounts.

Last summer, during odd days, I worked at this sixfold problem—at the attempt to eliminate these six great drawbacks. I was alone, in camp, and had to puzzle it all out with three dummies before me,—but I worked hard at it, and suddenly the great idea dawned upon me: Choose your own partner!

Well, I developed that simple Great Idea and came to New York with the results of it. I went straight to the office of Vanity Fair,

[&]quot;During my retirement by Lake Pasquaney I had, according to my custom when in solitude and in need of relaxation, passed the time by dealing myself hands in such games as skat, piquet and bridge. I was led to invent a new game, a variation of auction bridge, which we subsequently called 'pirate bridge'. This appeared to me such an improvement on the ordinary game that I thought I would introduce it to the public. I convinced the editor of Vanity Fair of its merits and suggested that R. F. Foster should be called in to put the rules into definite shape."—The Confessions of Aleister Crowley (Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1979, p. 825).

and, lo, great was my reward! The editor and I tried out a few hands at double dummy. He liked the game at once, and summoned to our aid that noted authority on every game from Scat to Poker, Mr. R. F. Foster. Mr. Foster also liked the game, and has worked at the theory of it pretty steadily ever since. He has introduced it to certain of the leading card clubs, and has even crystallized my crude idea into a pamphlet of official rules.

Luckily for the readers of Vanity Fair, it will be he who is to explain, month by month, to its card-loving subscribers the best way to combine pleasure with profit at Pirate Bridge. I must not encroach upon his province of scientific explanations, but I should like to point out six major advantages of the game of Pirate:

First: You can—if you are clever—avoid tying yourself up with a tedious or idiotic partner.

Second: The hands which will work best together tend to come together as partners.

Third: Fewer final bids are set back, thus shortening the duration—and bother—of every rubber.

Fourth: Every player is playing for himself. Four individual scores are kept, all independent.

Fifth: It does away with a lot of bickering and quarreling. You may feel inclined to blame someone for "accepting" you, when the hand goes wrong; but you are not tied to him for a rubber.

Sixth: It is a first-rate game for the man who fancies his own individual play, and has many of the best elements of poker.

LET me draw a picture! In auction, I bid a heart, but only with fear and trembling, because my partner may not have any hearts at all. In the new game of Pirate I can bid two hearts and feel more or less certain that either the man—no matter where he sits—with the hearts or the man with the aces and kings, is going to accept me as a partner and so save me from ignominy and ruin. After a bid has been accepted, and a partnership thus established, the next player can make a higher bid, what anybody can accept that bid and so establish a new partnership, and so on indefinitely.

But, more delightful than anything else, is the change in the actual play introduced by the fact that partners are not always playing across the table. One's dummy may be exposed across the

table, or at one's immediate right or left.

Finessing, and "leading through," become much more interesting and important when two partners are sitting next to each other. The whole technique of the play of the cards at once becomes a great deal more diversified, unexpected and subtle.

{ON the opposite page will be found the first of a series of six informative articles by R. F. Foster, on "Pirate Bridge," the innovation which already promises to supersede the game of auction as now generally played.}

²³ The article is entitled "THE NEW GAME OF PIRATE BRIDGE: With a Short Analysis of Its Principles and Play—The First of Six Tactical Articles."



NORMA TALMADGE

Has just vivified—on the screen at least—"Poppy," Cynthia Stockley's African novel. The article on this page has something to say concerning the lack of good taste shown by our movie managers. Miss Talmadge's acting seems effectually to disprove that theory.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MOVIES?

The Industry Seems to Be in a Critical Condition,
—and Perhaps It Deserves to Be

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[July 1917, vol. 8, no. 5, pp. 55, 88.]

IT is bad taste—and not the World War—which is killing the movies. Bad taste in every direction. In the first place, the wretches in power, when they get a perfectly competent author—say a novelist of great repute—will not trust him at all. The great writer's story has always been a "movie"—on the screen of the author's mind. It was complete in every picture, before he ever put pen to paper. But the producing wretches do not know that. They do not realize that he has done the thing right. They do not even realize this in the case of a famous novel—or play—where a long success has proved it. These preposterous people do not understand that they insult the public and make themselves ridiculous into the bargain when they offer to "improve" Victor Hugo; to bring Dumas "up-to-date"; to put "punch" into Ibsen; or to "alter" history a bit in order to give Joan of Arc an earthly lover.

SOME months back two wealthy gentlemen were lunching at the Knickerbocker Hotel, in New York, where all movie magnates seem to make a habit of fore-gathering. They were trying to think of a book to "film." A pause. One suggested Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." "A grand sweet story! Some story! Some punch! Some pep!" A longer pause. "Say, why, in our film, shouldn't that hunchback marry the beautiful gipsy chicken?" "But, say, we can't have that little pippin tied up to a hunchback." "I got it, bo, we'll get a Johns Hopkins guy to straighten him out on the operating table." "Say, you're *some* artist, Al."

And so, alas, it all came about.

These two master minds could not foresee that everyone who had read Hugo's great story would leave the theatre foaming at the mouth, raving for blood.

Similarly with "Hedda Gabler." They had to improve on Ibsen's great curtain, and bring in George Tesman to confront Brack, who faints on hearing the pistol shot, and asks, "Why should you faint at my wife's death?" with all the air of one who proposes an amusing riddle!

One could go on for hours describing the fatuity of the movie men. It is not that their ideas are necessarily wrong in themselves, but that they are inappropriate—and in bad taste. They forget that the author has thought out all his contrasts and values, and even a better author could not alter them without destroying them utterly.

SUPPOSE that I make up my mind that one of Charles Condor's painted women on a fan lacks distinctness? Do I call in Zuloaga to put a new head on her? Zuloaga will paint me in a fine head, no doubt; but he is certain to throw out the rest of Condor's picture. In the realm of painting I much prefer Gauguin to John Lavery, but I should not ask the former to paint a Samoan head on the shoulders of the portrait of "Lady Plantagenet-Tudor" by the latter. Consider the diffident reverence with a great artist like Sir A. Quiller-Couch finished a novel by Stevenson—and always from the master's notes.

It has often been said that the worst author knows his business better than the best critic, just as the feeblest father will beget more children than the biggest naval gun. But in the movies we have men who are such atrociously bad critics that they permit the most shocking solecisms in almost every scene.

See the wealthy New York man of fashion, dressing for a dinner at Mrs. De Peyster Stuyvesant's! See how deftly he shoots on his detachable cuffs and snaps on his elastic tie. See how charmingly he wears his derby hat with his evening coat. He even retains it, possibly fearing that it may be stolen in Mrs. Stuyvesant's drawing-room, which is, of course, furnished in the manner of the gentlemen's lounge on a Fall River boat.

IN this connection let us observe how the Russian Ballet gets its splendid effect of art. There is a true and tried artist for the scen-

ery, another for the arrangement of the dances, another for the music, another for the costumes, and soon. All conspire, all contribute, the one careful never to impede the work of the others. The result is an artistic unity. Tinker with the whole, bring in one inharmonious element, and the entire conception goes by the board. A Zulu chief is a magnificent object—but you must not exchange his gum-ring for Charlie Chaplin's derby hat.

MODERN opera is suffering in the same way. The only pains taken at the Metropolitan, let us say, is with the hiring of the singers. The same old scenic conventions must do, the same old wardrobe traditions, the same old lighting arrangements, and the same antiquated ballets. The result is that an "art impression" is never made. People go away, praising the orchestra and the singers; but they are not stunned, carried out of themselves by the glory of witnessing a really artistic operatic creation. There is everywhere evident this same blind fatuity in the movies.

TO return to the question of the author. Who invented modern musical comedy? Gilbert and Sullivan. Gilbert insisted—made it a point in every contract or license—that his libretto was to have no cuts, no modifications, no gags; even his minutest stage directions were to be followed implicitly. Take it or leave it. Most of his stuff is therefore as strong and sound and playable today as it ever was.

But his successors have not his willpower. To-day every inartistic man in a movie production must needs have a finger in the artistic pie. Some of their suggestions may possibly be good, some bad; but the unity and coherence of the author's conceptions are lost, and the outcome is a muddle. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

In the movies this confusion is accentuated to the point of dementia. What costumes! What furniture! What ladies! What ballrooms! What clubs! What love scenes! What butlers and footmen! What dinner tables! What débutantes! What boots and slippers! What coiffures! What jewelry! What manners!

Several times, of late, I have seen films where the tinkers had improved a good novel out of existence. The beginning, end, and middle of the story had been dexterously amputated or "arranged." We were not informed of the relationship existing between the

various characters; the motives for their acts were utterly obscure. A "situa- [p. 88] tion" would ultimately arise—and then, instead of a dénouement, the film stopped suddenly!

One felt as if one had somehow got into a lunatic asylum.

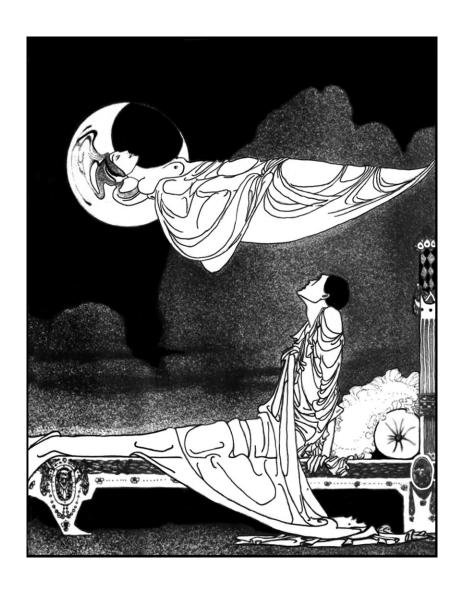
ANOTHER point is the question of "new stuff." One enterprising movie manager did actually go so far as to engage a set of competent artists—at \$150 per diem, all told—to get out new ideas for him: original costumes, lights, scenery, and all the rest of it. They produced the new ideas. "Fine! Fine!" cried he. Then a horrid doubt seized him. "But this isn't a bit like what we've been used to!" he stammered, "No," said they, "it's new. You said 'new,' you know!" "That's right, I did," he cried, "but, say, the public would not stand for this, it's too new."

O, purblind crew of miserable men, cannot you see that the only way to succeed in the movies, or in any art, is to get the men who really know how, to create new effects of art, and then to trust them implicitly? The worst author is better, as an author, than the best "producer" or "director," however highly paid, unless he sticks to his business of visualizing, with sympathy and fidelity, the author's conceptions and ideals.

The only good films, the only popular films, are those by living authors of repute, who have somehow been able to insist upon having their conceptions literally carried out, and not meddled with by a band of misguided and inartistic managers.

MILLIONS of dollars have already been lost in the movies by the many errors indicated above; and it may be well to point out that the public recognizes that the business is everywhere approaching a grave crisis. You, gentlemen, who are still making money, take heed: you are going to lose it in another few months unless you learn a little something about good taste in matters of art.

If only a man could found a "Famous Authors Film Producing Company" and give the authors a fair chance and a free hand, and then employ real artists for the costumes,—a real tailor for the men's clothes;—real decorators for the indoor sets; real ladies to look after the manners of the actors, and real architects to design the houses, he would be able to take up the whole of the Liberty Loan out of his first year's profits.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

An Explanation of Why—With the Best Will in the World— We Cannot Sing Our National Hymn

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[August 1917, vol. 8, no. 6, pp. 33, 90.]

THE poor exile from India stood in the great hall. Everybody else had risen, was stamping, shouting, cheering. He had never seen such enthusiasm; it was the next best thing to a fight. He thrilled. He was about to hear the Great American People—about 15,000 of them—sing their national hymn. Only—it didn't happen. The band played it, thunderingly; and the people were all trying to sing. But only now and again did the effort become articulate. He turned to his friends. He saw that they understood his perplexity, that they were distressed, even humiliated. Presently they explained it to him: they couldn't remember the words.

So the poor exile got himself a copy of the hymn and bethought him of the cause of this great misfortune. For it is nothing less. America has a tremendous tune—one of the most stirring ever written. But it's quite impossible to fit the words to it. May one offer a suggestion as to the rationale of the matter?

WE have to go back a long way, all the way to Vergil and Horace and Catullus. Latin poetry has the most elaborate rules for distinguishing "long" syllables from "short." We may dwell so lightly on this theme that we barely brush it with a dove's wing; we need only say that a "long" syllable is one which takes a long time to say. Thus "scrunched" is much longer than "an," though both words are of one syllable. Try to repeat "an" fifty times; you can do it while the most fluent lady of your acquaintance gets through twenty "scrunched"s. The general rule is that it is hard work, except for Welshmen, to pronounce more than nine consecutive

consonants. Also, "long" vowels do not go so trippingly off the tongue as airier trifles. So, too, accented syllables are really "long" because one has to dwell on them to get the emphasis.

It doesn't matter very much about the fine points of this in ordinary iambic verse, such as blank verse; for the metre is very flexible. We can have a line full of "longs" like "Thoughts that do ofttimes lie too deep for tears," with no other result than the intended one of making the line slow, heavy, meditative, melancholic. But, in a tripping "dactylic" waltz-time tune, if you have long syllables where short should be, it produces the effect of dancing with a club-footed partner. Change "O mystic and subtle Dolores, Our Lady of Pain" to "O mystic, proud, reserved Dolores, Lady of our pain" and the lilt is gone altogether.

NOW this is just what happened to Francis Scott Key.²⁴ He wrote in the then highly popular lilt of "Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle, are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?" and he spoiled the whole thing—and over and over again—by putting in a long syllable where he most needed a short one.

"O, say can you see by the dawn's early light" is all right but for "dawn's early" which has to be pronounced "'dawnsily" if it is to be properly sung. "O, say can you see at the dawn of the light" would go perfectly. This is not a very bad place; an effort will take you over it; but worse follows. "Whose broad stripes and bright stars" is six long syllables. "Whose stripes and whose stars" is a little better; but the "whose" is always too long, especially before a double or triple consonant. Sing it "O standard of stars" or "O

²⁴ Key was an American lawyer, author, and amateur poet from Frederick, Maryland. He is best known for writing the lyrics to what was to become the anthem under discussion. In 1814, during the Battle of Baltimore, he saw an American flag waving and decided to write a poem called "Defence of Fort M'Henry" (published in William Pechin's *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 21 September, 1814). Key took it to the music publisher Thomas Carr who set it to music based on composer John Stafford Smith's "To Anacreon in Heaven," a popular tune Key had already used for another song "When the Warrior Returns" in 1805, celebrating American heroes of the First Barbary War. President Hoover finally made it the national anthem by Act of Congress in 1931.

banner of stars" and there would be no difficulty.

Again, the line ending "half conceals, half discloses" asks too much of the breath. You have to sing "—ceals, half discl" in the same time as you would take to sing "daintily."

"As it blows, covers up or discloses" is a good deal easier.

What a swollen-tongue-feeling one gets in trying to sing even "Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution." Always the same trouble of too many consonants. Try "The boss has amended the bad resolution" and it might be appointed for use in Tammany Hall, as a democratic rallying song.

SOMETHING of the sort occurs in nearly every line of this blessed hymn of ours, but the best choral steeple-chaser ever foaled is bound to come down over the "Heaven-rescued land" fence. 'V N R' and 'dl' are not happy combinations for the people who objected to the Russian offensive because it obliged them to try to say "Przemsyl." "Heavenly land" is a bit nearer the mark. This is not to say that 'heavenly' is the right word to use; it is not the word, as a matter of fact, that I should use. And surely it is better to wait for a commission from the President to set this whole jumble right. Quite enough now for us to amend the sound without attention to the sense!

Observe that even [p. 90] 'star-spangled' itself is a little difficult, especially before 'banner.' 'Rsp' and 'ngl' and 'db' constitute a formidable network of barbed wire entanglements for most voices. "Star-bestrewn" would be a little better, but not much. ('Spangled' is a dreadfully tinselly word, suggesting a circus, anyhow.) Probably there isn't a perfect word with the desired meaning: English is horribly deficient in 'short' syllables.

THE music to which Key wrote his words, was long attributed to the London organist and composer, Dr. Samuel Arnold (1740-1802). Late researches credit the music beyond dispute to John Stafford Smith (Gloucester, 1750; London, 1836), an organist of rank and a prolific composer. The music, in 6/4 time, with the words beginning "To Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee," is to be found in *Collections of Popular Songs, Catches, etc.*, composed by John Stafford Smith. A copy of this volume is in the British Museum. The melody was well known in this country dur-

ing revolutionary days, and various texts were sung to it. Francis Scott Key was evidently familiar with it, and wrote his verses on the morning after the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British fleet, September 14, 1814.

How different the whole thing becomes when one finds a really great poet, like George M. Cohan, for instance, who recently took five or ten minutes off to write his noble recruiting song entitled "Over There," a masterpiece which Miss Nora Bayes²⁵ has recently made an essential part of every cultivated New Yorker's home life. Study, if you will, the care with which the scholarly actor-poet has constructed his choral *chef d'oeuvre*. And, Miss Bayes, we can never thank you enough for thrilling us so. We hopped right up in our chair and cheered. Really, it was too splendid!

"OVER THERE" Words and music by George M. Cohan

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun; Take it on the run, on the run, on the run; Hear them calling you and me, Every son of liberty; Hurry right away, no delay, go to-day, Make your daddy glad, to have such a lad; Tell your sweetheart not to pine, To be proud her boy's in line.

CHORUS

Over there, over there, Send the word, send the word, over there; That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, The drums rum-tumming, ev'rywhere. So prepare, say a pray'r,

²⁵ Nora Bayes (1880–1928) was an American singer and vaudeville performer who became popular between the 1900's and 1920's, i.e. when Crowley was writing this. Among the many songs she made popular, she is credited with co-writing "Shine On, Harvest Moon," and sung patriotic songs like "Over There" (as above) during the war.

Send the word, send the word, to beware; We'll be over, we're coming over, And we won't come back till it's over, Over there, over there.

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun; Johnnie show the Hun, you're a son of a gun, Hoist the flag and let her fly, Yankee Doodle, do or die; Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit; Yankees! to the ranks, from the towns and the tanks; Make your mother proud of you, And the old Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS

Over there, over there, etc.



A New Heaven and a New Earth

As Foreshadowed in Lord Dunsany's "The Gods of Pegana"26

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

[October 1917, vol. 2, no. 9, pp. 134, 136.]

THE mills of Gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. Whether it is the War or—"Progress!"—the big men are coming into their own. Lord Dunsany was the sensation of the past season; and it is only his beginning. He will be seen in his true image before another five years are gone. He is the coming man. The more he is understood, the greater he will appear. He is still a young man, a fine sportsman, a brave soldier, wounded cheerfully and asking for more; no crank, yet his ideas are colossal; they surpass the so-called "realists" as heaven surpasses earth.

For to him earth offers no illusions; he knows that his own world is the true one. Well for us if we can join him; if we can leave this jingle-jangle of matter for the gorgeous music of the spirit.

TO Lord Dunsany all things have personality, genius, voice. The Desert is an entity more concrete and vital than a Soap Combine; the wind that blows from Kragua and the bleak unknown lands behind it is as near as a brother. His success is due to the fact that people are beginning to perceive with intuition, with the Eye of Truth. And, no doubt of it, he himself found Truth in the mystic bogs of Ireland, the amorous and inexorable wastes and palaces of Hindustan. While he was yet a boy, he was carried away by the fairies, and taught the Ultimate Secrets. Now he is giving them to

²⁶ Dunsany's book, *The Gods of Pegāna*, was first published in 1905. It was published in America in 1916 in Boston, by John W. Luce and Co., which may be the edition Crowley had to hand.

us; and we are taking them, slowly but with ineffable delight, under the veil of his art, as a woman at a masked ball accepts the arm of a cavalier who may be—the King!

It will be interesting to look at his "conversion" in its early stage; to see what came to him in essence, before it was transmitted into an art so gracious and intelligible. For like all the prophets and the poets, Truth came to him at first obscure and fantastic, an hieroglyph. Today, in the light of the Rosetta Stone of his plays, we may reach back, and lay reverent lips upon his soul itself.

SCHOPENHAUER, in one of his hawk perceptions, cried that the greatest of all artists was he who created a new order of gods. For by the gods we mean not principles in man, things too deep to be individual, perhaps four-dimensional objects whose manifestations, diverse as they may be, are yet somehow recognizable as parts of some obscure entity beyond the veil, unintelligible to us so long as we cannot put together all the pieces in the puzzle.

As the years go by, and man learns more and more of his surroundings and contents, he revises the list of his gods. The cave-man was quite content with a god or so who kept him warm, the sun, fire, a tree, and others who supplied him with food, gods of the corn or of the reindeer. The savage cannibals who discovered the thrills of war, and carried the game on even in peace by human sacrifice, were pleased to recognize their ideas in a Yodheh-vau-heh or a Quetzlacoatl. The philosophical Indians invented Brahma; the best of the Chinese avoided the snare of anthropomorphism, but they made mathematical laws the rulers of the universe. The oldest book in the world, the Yi Ching, is a treatise on the combination of two things taken six at a time.

NOW, since every order of gods is an analysis of the human mind, it follows that the creations of human genius develop on what are really religious lines. Chinese art is mathematical in its inevitability and in its independence of time and place; Egyptian art compromises with passion; Greek art, taking one step further, becomes wholly human. At the other end of the scale we find Catholic art, purely romantic or emotional.

Thus, reversing the process, from any given art we can divine

the moral and philosophical principles which are its source. Let us ask ourselves why the plays of Lord Dunsany have that quality which separates them so wholly from other contemporary masterpieces. One might suspect the author of having achieved that colossal task with whose consideration we began, of having made "a new heaven and a new earth." And we should be right. His first book, the book of his boyhood, a book which very few people have read, and fewer still have understood, is a complete, original, theophany.

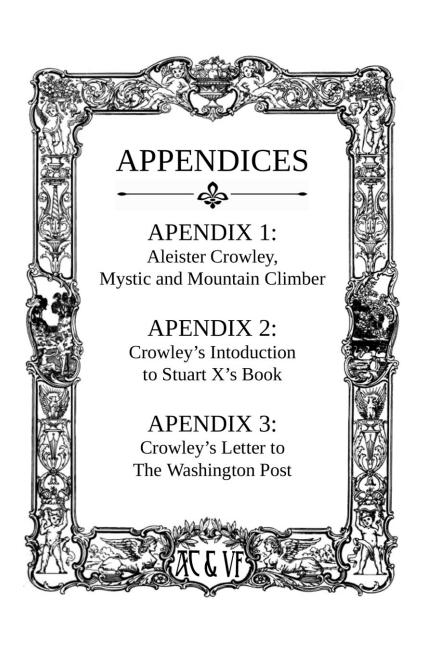
THE modest dimensions of this book "The Gods of Pegana," its intensely artistic form, the super-simplicity of its language, all have tended to hide it from the general public. But it is incomparably the greatest work of Lord Dunsany's genius. If it were translated into philo- [p. 136] sophical terms, it would astonish the world of metaphysics. Its complications are all-embracing as all-penetrating. Here's for a glimpse of them!

LONG before the Beginning of Things Chance or Fate—nobody knows which—strode through the mists to Mana-Yood-Sushai and put the creative power in his hands. And he made gods for his pleasure, and went to sleep. While he slept the gods made toys for their amusement—ultimately one of them, Kib, made man. Then other gods arose to join Kib in his game, Sish, with his hound: Time, and Mung, with Death. We cannot give a full idea of the scheme, without reprinting the book; for the author did not waste a word; but—observe the size of the units in which Lord Dunsany thinks! Later on he gives ideas of life and man, close, concentrated, penetrating, essential; but from cover to cover the reader may have prescience of the end. For-here we come close to the legend of Shiva in Hindu philosophy—a time will come when Mana-Yood-Sushai shall wake, and Time and Space, and all the immortal gods, shall be as they had never been, and what then? Is all bent in a closed curve? Shall we come suddenly upon remembered things, wheel through the aeons of forgetfulness, and find ourselves as we were long ago—as we have always been, did we but know it? In that small quarto are many suggestions as to the real nature of things, intense, profound, prehensile—every one fascinating as Death itself. The mind is constantly withdrawn from the book

itself, and goes star-hunting with the gods. Almost every sentence is the plan, so to speak, of a vision far more glorious than any opium or hashish could give.

IF ever a book of magic were written, it is this. It challenges even "Liber Legis" and its pendant "The Vision and the Voice" by reason of its intense atmosphere of art. Those other books are much more serious, more scientific; they recreate their readers, drive him forward in a new channel of life. But "The Gods of Pegana" has no such urge; you can read it without acting according to its motions; like a Chinese bowl, it is pure art, a thing to contemplate forever. And this is just the reason why our modern dreamer-philosophers should make this bibelot a bible!







ALEISTER CROWLEY
From a sketch by Augustus John, 1911
Pencil on paper, 16 x 10¾ inches²⁷

²⁷ This is now in the collection of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York, after being donated in 1953 by A. Conger Goodyear.

ALEISTER CROWLEY: MYSTIC AND MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

By Arthur Loring Bruce²⁸

[June 1916, vol. 4, no. 4, p. 45.]

ALL the Britons who are not fighting in the Great War seem to be coming to New York this year. One of the most extraordinary of our recent British visitors is Aleister Crowley, who is a poet, an explorer, a mountain climber, an "adept" in mysticism and magic, and an esoteric philosopher; in short a person of so many sides and interests that it is no wonder a legend has been built up around his name. He is a myth. No other man has had so many strange tales told of him.

He is an Irishman, and was educated at Malvern and Trinity College, Cambridge, as a preparation for the highly respectable and sedate Diplomatic Service. But such a mission was not to his taste. He soon found that he had no liking for the beaten tracks in life. So he became an "adept," a mystic, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

He has published more volumes of poetry than he has lived years, and has climbed more mountains that he has lived months.

"The Equinox," his work on occultism, is only a part of the gigantic literary structure which he has built up in the past five

²⁸ Supposedly a noted author on bridge, co-authoring the book *The Bridge-Fiend: A Cheerful Book For Bridge-Whisters* (1909), Loring was actually the pen-name of Frank Crowninshield, *Vanity Fair*'s editor. See the introduction. Also W. B. Seabrook, "Astounding Secrets of the Devil Worshippers' Mystic Love Cult," series of articles in the *Indianapolis Star Sun*, April 1923, where he says: "Frank Crowninshield, a magazine editor, wrote and published an article about Crowley that put him in a different light. If Crowninshield, an established authority, a man of power and standing and taste, said that Aleister Crowley was 'important' that settled it. He was." He then goes on to quote this piece.

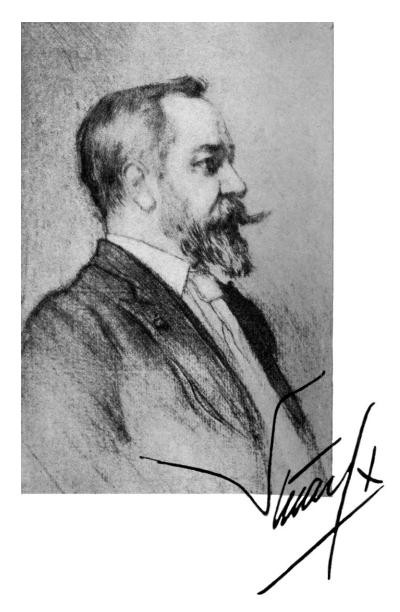
years, yet the work contains the stupendous number of two and a half million words.

Mr. Crowley has a habit of disappearing suddenly from Paris, only to bob up again in Zapotlan, Tali Fu, Askole, Hambantota, or Ouled Djellal. To him a long journey is an achievement, a satisfying thing in itself, like the "hidden knowledge" which he is forever in search of. In 1900 he explored Mexico without guides. Two years later he spent three months in India at an altitude of 20,000 feet. In 1906 he crossed China on foot. The success of his magic drama, "The Rites of Eleusis" in 1910, in London, did not tempt him to settle down there for long as he was next heard of in the heart of the Sahara.

As a naked Yogi he has sat for days under the Indian sun, begging his rice. Like every true magician he has experimented with hundreds of strange poisons in order to discover the Elixir of Life and the Elixir of Vision. He has devoted much time to the art of materializing divine influences, which he does by the aid of secret incenses; of invocations; and of rituals inherited from the Gnostics and Rosicrucians. He once masqueraded through a Cairo season, as a mysterious Persian prince. He shocked the orthodox by his book "The Sword of Song"—which was virtually an attack upon everything established—but soon compelled them to forgive him because of the religious fervor of his next volume—a book of devotional hymns. He holds—like all good mystics—that "All thought, or speech, is false: Truth lies in divine ecstasy beyond them."

He lives in Paris when not on his travels. One of his friends is Augustus John, the painter, one of whose beautiful sketches of Mr. Crowley we are privileged to print.





Henry Clifford Stuart From a fifteen-minute Sketch from life, by SENSENEY

Crowley's INTRODUCTION

to Stuart's A Prophet in His Own Country

It is a generally recognized fact that the onlooker sees most of the game. The rulers of a country make most of their mistakes because the knowledge of detail which is constantly thrust upon them is so great that it blinds them to fundamental considerations. The emergencies of the moment lure them into bypaths in which they become lost. Those ancient governors who, despairing of their own judgment, consulted the oracles, were truly wise. England never made so serious a mistake as when she failed to utilize the brain of Carlyle. The tendency of all men who are immersed in affairs, whether public or private, is to become concentrated upon tactical problems, and in doing this they lose sight of the principles of strategy. The real ruler or adviser of a nation should be a man entirely free from the expediencies of the passing day. The mischief wrought by failure to understand these facts is particularly obvious in finance. Politics, in some countries at least, is still looked after by men of broad general education; but finance is entirely in the hands of experts. Its terminology has been deliberately complicated; partly, no doubt, as in the case of law, with the idea of making it easier to hoodwink the layman; but the socalled experts themselves have become totally oblivious of the fundamental principles of [p. 12] their own business. Even worse, they have become ensnared by the greatest of all possible delusions; not only are they ignorant of the truth, but they believe most firmly its exact opposite. Money appears to them the only thing of value, whereas in reality it has no value whatever. It is merely a convenient medium of exchange of commodities which have value. If it were not for this, the present system could never have been created. As things are, a piece of paper is just as good as

a piece of gold; but, as everyone knows, even the financiers, ninety-five per cent of the gold never existed. The possibility of calling for gold has so frightened those very people who have been screaming for years that gold was the only basis, that already there has been a threat to demonetize gold. This is no vain threat. It is quite possible and will almost certainly be necessary; though probably the process will be carried out by some trick which will conceal the fact from the people. But you cannot demonetize wheat, or coal, or copper, and any one who possesses these things can call for anything he likes in payment for them, and be sure of getting it. But the financiers of the day avoid all consideration of the enormous calamity threatened by the present situation. They are only excited by perfectly trivial and temporary events, such as small movements in the value of stocks. It never occurs to them that the most trifling shifts in the real economic situation may reduce the value of stocks to nothing at all. The history of finance has always been the history of more or less desperate efforts to hide these facts. And the drastic expedients adopted at [p. 13] the beginning of the war shew clearly enough in what delicate scales the business of the world is weighed.

Now, whenever a crisis occurs in the affairs of the world, it is imperative that they should be examined de novo by a mind which has never lost sight of fundamentals. The expert becomes useless at such times for the very reason that he is an expert. Temporary expedients will not serve. As a matter of fact, this is always more or less subconsciously recognized by the good sense of the people. The hopes which were excited by the election of Mr Wilson to the presidency were based entirely on the fact that he was not a professional politician. In the same way, in England, to take a recent example, Edward VII was trusted and respected by the people principally because he had won the Derby. The instinct of democracy is always sound; its mistakes are due to that instinct being overlaid by the partial development of its intellect, which too often leads it wrong. But in moments of calm it invariably distrusts the appeals which are made to its cupidity or its cowardice; and it much prefers its affairs to be in the hands of ordinary, sensible men of the world. The political tragedy of England to-day is largely due to the replacing of the good, old-fashioned, honest statesmen, like Lord Salisbury (stupid as he was) by clever and ambitious no-

bodies like Rufus Isaacs and Lloyd George. It seems just possible that the present catastrophe which has overwhelmed Europe and threatens to engulf civilization entire may arouse the deepest instincts of the people, and cause them to [p.14] appeal to the only types of men who can save them—the Prophet and the Poet. America has no Poet, and may be counted exceedingly fortunate in possessing a Prophet of the first class:

Mr Henry Clifford Stuart.

Imagine to yourself a big man, a really big man, six foot three in height, broad and well-proportioned. The entire impression is of bigness. And as should always be the case with homo sapiens, the most important part of the impression is given by the head. Such a brow is only seen in the world's greatest thinkers.

Mr Stuart was born in 1864 in Brooklyn, N. Y. His father, John Stuart, was a Captain of the 51st and Lieutenant Colonel of the 63d New York Volunteers. He is the perfect and ideal type, fast disappearing, of the aristocratic American. Mr Stuart was educated in San Francisco, California; but it is one of his favorite claims that he is not educated. Rather, he would say, he is beginning to educate himself. And this is one of the secrets of his immense power of brain. By education in the ordinary sense we mean that an old fool bullies a young fool into agreeing with him. In order to obtain a university degree it is necessary to stultify oneself by agreeing with the particular clique of fifth rate minds who, having been totally unable to carve out any way in the world, have become sodden in the backwater of a university; and taken up teaching as a profession, because they are incapable of learning. One has only to think of a subject like history to see how lop-sided conventional education [p. 15] always is. Even in more truly scientific subjects there is the same parochialism. Consider Sir William Hamilton and his doctrine of the quantification of the predicate, which everybody in Edinborough in his time had to accept, or fail in the examination, but which every other school in Europe regarded as nonsense. Such training can only serve to unbalance and destroy the mind. Mr Stuart avoided this tragedy. Instead, he read everything, kept his eyes open, and never allowed the specious arguments of the logician to lure him into conclusions opposed to common sense. Almost every writer falls into some trap. Either he omits a premiss, or takes a false one, or commits some logical error unperceived.

But with such skill does he execute his sophistry, and so deeply does his vanity flatter him, that even the most careful revision fails to discover the error. Consequently, humanity is always the prey of deceptions. Think for example of the arguments in favor of vegetarianism. It is impossible to refute them. At the same time they are totally invalid, because they neglect one single, small, but all-important fact: "Man is a carnivorous animal." The calibre of Mr Stuart's mind is such that he is incapable of being hoodwinked by any mere arguments, however clever, cogent, and convincing. He invariably applies the standard of truth, intuitive or instinctive, to the conclusion.

And if there be a contradiction, he perceives it instantly. A brain of this kind is peculiarly useful in America, where the people are the slaves of false logic. In transplanting themselves from their native soil, they have left behind them their greatest possession: inherited race knowledge. I have never [p. 16] yet met a stupid American. But Mr Stuart is almost the only one whom I have met who was not silly. No people are so quick to perceive the meaning of what is said, or so eager to listen to what may be said, but they judge entirely by what is said: they have no standard of atavistic experience to tell them whether it is right or wrong. The most ignorant peasant in Europe, who firmly believes in ghosts and vampires and werewolves, who cannot read or write, has never travelled beyond the radius of twenty miles from his hamlet, and knows nothing of his country's affairs, much less of the world's, could never be so insensible to the facts of human nature as Henry Ford. You could argue with him "till all was blue," but you would never even begin to persuade him. He would know it was all nonsense, just in the same way as you cannot fool a dog about a tramp. It is true that this instinct is sometimes wrong after all in certain minor matters, because now and then conditions do change. But in all fundamental points humanity has not altered since the cave man. A friend of mine was arguing the other day about this very matter. "Nowadays," said his opponent, "if you want a girl, you cannot twist your knuckles in her hair. Club her, and drag her bleeding to your cave." "No," said my friend, "things have changed a great deal since the eighth of July!"

It is just this capacity for seeing everything *sub specie aeternatitis* which distinguishes the great artist or the great seer, even to

a certain extent the great statesman, from plausible imitations. We do not value Shakespeare's histories for their political [p. 17] views; in fact, the portrait of Joan of Arc is a stain upon the character of the poet which no ages can efface. (But the English always blackguard gallant enemies.) The merit of the histories lies almost entirely in the character of Falstaff, who has nothing to do with the period. And the political errors of Shakespeare show how difficult it is, even for one who has the vision of the eternal, to keep straight when he comes to deal with the temporal. But the explanation is that Shakespeare was a snob, the lackey of debauched noblemen, without virility or independence of character. Courage is certainly the first of the virtues, for without it none of the others can be exercised. In the case of statesmen a little more latitude must be allowed, because they are compelled to deal with the conditions of the moment. But, even there, the best epithet that can be applied in praise of such a man is that he is far-sighted; and the way to be farseeing is to refuse to be obsessed by the expediencies of the hour. And while it is of course impossible to make every particular conform to the general, it can at least be arranged that it should not be in flagrant contradiction of the first principles.

As a concrete example, the annexation of conquered countries. Economic or military reasons have often been allowed to over-ride considerations of the will of the inhabitants. Such acts have almost invariably caused trouble later on, and such trouble frequently extends far beyond the territory in dispute. The injury to the fingertip poisons the whole body. The Germans in 1870, when asked whom they were fighting, replied: "Louis XIV." [p. 18] And it is because that monarch tried to extend his dominions that they, at this present moment of writing, are invaded. The need of an independent mind in dealing with all such matters is evident. Not only must the statesman be a philosopher, but he should also have in his composition not a little of the mystic. We do not use the word mystic in the specialized sense, in which it is too often employed to-day. The true mystic is one who sees all phenomena without bias, prejudice, self-interest, or obfuscation. In thinking of kingdoms, he thinks of spiritual kingdoms; and here again we must use the word spiritual in its oldest and widest sense. In such kingdoms faith is more than frontiers, language and literature more than markets. Ireland has been systematically depopulated; every engine of oppression has

been set in motion against her; but she has never been conquered and never can be conquered, because the Anglo-Saxon can never get her point of view. In the same way India has overcome every one of her invaders in turn, though she has never been able to resist even the least of them successfully by arms. The English in India have become, within two generations, more Indian than the Indians themselves, in many important respects, particularly in that of caste. In the case of South Africa it is once again evident how far more vital than material considerations are the spiritual. The Boers, driven from one settlement to another by the most barefaced treachery and tyranny, and finally conquered in their last stronghold by invading armies outnumbering them twenty to one, were yet able to reconquer their country for themselves, [p. 19] without a drop of bloodshed, within a decade of the fall of Pretoria.

But in order to perceive the rights and wrongs of all such matters, independence of mind is just as necessary as clearness of vision. When the man can be influenced by considerations of his own welfare, when hope and fear find any place in his mind, he is no longer to be trusted. The only man who can fulfil this condition is the prophet. (It must be remembered that the functions of poet and prophet were originally identical. The distinction between them is the artificial one of form. The states of mind are identical.) A true prophet lives only by virtue of his inner vision. He is responsible to what he calls God, and to nothing and nobody else. Such men are rare, as are all other types of genius. And it is the innate perception of this fact that causes the people to look for prophets always, but most especially in times of crisis. For this reason also false prophets abound. It is only natural that the valuable should be counterfeited. But the test of the true prophet is a very simple one. It is the independence of his mind. False prophets are venal, time-servers, flatterers. They make it a rule to say what other people wish to hear. They have no grasp of fundamentals, of essentials, of the spiritual truths that lie beneath the accidental and temporary phenomena which obsess other minds. They are also characterized by simplicity. There is no sophistication in their intellect. When they add up two and two it always makes four.

Even when you have your true prophet, however, it is commonly found that there are difficulties in [p. 20] using him.

Firstly, his uncompromising directness, and the fierce quality in him, need tempering with tact; or seem to do so. Secondly, his utterances are often obscure, or seem to be obscure. They are not really so. But where a thoroughly sophisticated mind, nursed on false premisses and schooled in sophistries, receives the impact of the prophetic intelligence, it is bewildered by the simplicity of that intelligence. One is reminded of the story of the charlatans who proposed to weave for the emperor a robe which should be visible only to the innocent. They made no robe at all. But the emperor and all his ministers had to pretend that they saw one; and the fraud passed undetected until a child in the street cried out: "But the King is naked!" Nowadays, however, people are not so easily undeceived. The child would very likely not be understood. The word "naked" is not in the vocabulary of the fashionable dressmaker; besides which, the word is improper. We know that there are no such things! So that even if a dawning perception of the meaning of the prophet strikes the more enlightened minds, it is often put aside with a sort of horror; although that word has been awaited with yearning and anxiety.

Now it must be confessed that this objection does to some extent apply to the writings which we have under consideration. Mr Stuart's style is as difficult as Wagner's or Whistler's were to their contemporaries. We have acquiesced so long in the false meanings which have been placed upon the simplest words by those whose interest it is to deceive us, that when those words are used in their [p. 21] proper, simple sense, we hardly recognize them. For this reason we have deemed it necessary to comment in various places upon these letters. It is also to be remarked how curious a form Mr Stuart has chosen for the expression of his thoughts. It is simple, attractive, and convenient, and possesses the great advantage that his messages are automatically dated.

Mr G. K. Chesterton, in one of his books, I think that on Browning, has remarked upon the utter futility of language. It is impossible to express thought, unless the person who is to receive it has already some inkling of what is meant. For example, if I say that someone is a Puritan, the remark may be taken as a compliment or as an insult, according to the ideas in the mind of the reader, or of his ideas as to what my ideas may be. Unless the context makes it clear, doubt is certain to remain. Nor need one

suppose that there are any words free from this ambiguity. Everything at one time or another has been the subject of violent praise and violent blame. If any one asks me for the meaning of the word God, I must first know whether the word is being used by the Pope or Mr G. W. Foote or Herbert Spencer or Billy Sunday. If you ask me for the meaning of the word "soul," I am equally at a loss. To the Buddhist it is a figment of the imagination of certain Hindu philosophers. The Qabalists use it as almost synonymous with "body." Every meta-physician that ever lived has used this word in a different sense, and has nearly always forgotten to define it. Now if, to bring back the matter to the question [p. 22] of Mr Stuart and his letters to the universe, we find in one of them the word "gold," we may be too ready to assume that something extremely valuable and painfully inaccessible is meant. The same difficulties constantly recur. These letters require profound study. Not because the thought is obscure—for it is not so, it is exceedingly simple—but because it is new. The average individual is brought up in certain beliefs, and any examination of these beliefs is positively discouraged. When fundamentals are attacked by a new thinker, people are completely thrown off their balance. At first they refuse to believe that they have heard aright. When it was first stated that the earth went around the sun, no notice was taken, because it was too absurd for discussion. It was only explanation of, and insistence on, the statement, that began to arouse enmity. Now, the kind of obscurity which arises from the fact that the hearer has nothing in his mind which would make him capable of understanding what was being said to him is not avoidable. The classical example of this is the translation of the Buddhist canon by the missionaries. They started with the conviction that the Buddhist must believe in a soul more or less like the Christian soul, and that Nirvana, being apparently some sort of place of residence not upon the earth, must be a variety of heaven. The result was of course a total misunderstanding of Buddhism. It was seen that the context did not square in any way with these conceptions, and the missionaries thereupon had the impudence to assume that the Buddhist was being illogical and self-contradictory.

[p. 23]

It is really necessary to hear Mr Stuart rather than read him. When he speaks he is transfigured before you. The placid power of

the man gives place to elemental energy. Both aspects remind one of the sea. It seems almost as if he grew physically much bigger. His personality fills the room. I have heard many of the great orators of the day, never one with one tithe of the passion and power of Mr Stuart. Ben Tillett comes nearest. But Ben Tillett wastes his power in furious gesture. With Mr Stuart the thunder of his tread and of his voice shake the house; but there is no loss of self-control. The speech is not diffuse, but extraordinarily concise and emphatic. The words rush out like molten steel from a converter under the blast. But each phrase is succinct and concentrated. For this reason, perhaps, he could never make a popular speaker. People like to have a man drone on pleasantly for an hour or so with mild excitement. They do not care to be swept away or crushed by real eloquence. Yet this is the kind of speech which has always moved men from the beginning of the world, and always will. It cannot be prolonged. Twenty minutes of it, and the nerveforce of every hearer would be exhausted. He would be mad to get up and do something; and that something would be what Mr Stuart told him. But the old ideal of oratory has passed. Mark Antony's speech would be rather bad form. People do not want to be moved to do more than pass a nicely worded resolution. But if a real crisis should arise in the affairs of the nation, then would come the moment of the genuine prophet. With a force not his own, [p. 24] but cosmic and elemental, he would sweep away the cobwebs of the old ideas, the accepted sophistries of centuries. His words would be hurled forth, thunderbolts new forged from the smithy of Almighty God. And they would smite the hearer with such suddenness and vehemence that his inertia would not even find time to begin to operate.

The present is such a moment. But people are not aware of it; they are still listening to the false prophets who prophesy smooth things. The critical situation of the world at present lies not in Europe. Europ's fate is known. It lies in America and China. The attention of every man of even the smallest degree of foresight should be concentrated on this fact. It is emphasized clearly enough in these letters. And the great merit of Mr Stuart's vision is that he saw these things in their entirety long before any other man had even begun to think about them.

Another difficulty which arises in connexion with prophets is

that, although they may see as clearly as never was, and even express themselves in language suited to the understanding of the common people, or even to that (immeasurably inferior) of the so-called educated man, there is yet a question as to whether their word can be carried into effect. The prophet has usually been content to speak: to leave the responsibility of action with his hearers. Very rarely do we hear of a true prophet being a great administrator. Here once more America is fortunate. This is probably the greatest crisis that has ever occurred in the history of the world; [p. 25] and infinitely wise, all-seeing nature has provided against catastrophe by combining these two rare faculties in a single brain.

All his life, until the last five years, Mr Stuart has been a man of affairs. He went to work at fourteen years of age under his father, and was gradually compelled to do the work of both, with the result that before his twenty-first birthday he had become freight traffic manager for Central America's most important railroad. He has also been in charge of various consular and diplomatic offices from time to time. He was land commissioner of the Panama Railroad; and has also been in the real estate and mining businesses, and factor of an important shipping company. He brought the Salvador Railway Company out of bankruptcy, and reorganized the Port of Champerico. He has also been general councillor for Spanish-American affairs in New York City.

But it is not only the able administration of such matters that proves the capacity of a man. Many a muddler has gone through public life on the shoulders of competent subordinates without too great a loss of reputation. But there is one sterling and indubitable proof of the administrator. If he orders his own house well, it is certain that what reputation he may have made in public affairs is a deserved one.

I have never met any man with the sense of order so admirably developed as Mr Stuart. He can lay his hands on any scrap of paper at a moment's notice. Every book in his shelves has its [p. 26] proper place. His house is fitted with every convenience and even luxury, yet entirely without ostentation or extravagance. Nor is the order in which things are kept a visible order. No one would suspect it. It is only on investigation that it appears. The German plan is there in all its efficiency and completeness, yet there is none of the German manner which, by insisting upon its own ex-

cellence so audibly, lashes the Anglo-Saxon who beholds it into a state of such speechless rage. Everything has become subconscious. It is as if Mr Stuart possessed instinctively that supreme method described by the Chinese under the title "The Way of the Tao." "Consciousness is a symptom of disease. All that moves well moves without will. All skilfulness, all strain, all intention is contrary to ease." Unless this method is actually seen in operation, it is almost incomprehensible. Yet it is the only key to true and perfect success. The Chinese express it in another way. They say: "Do everything by doing nothing." The only way in which we can bring this idea at all near to western minds is by speaking of perfect balance, in the sense in which the fencer or the chess player might use the term. In a perfectly played game of chess the pieces are not arranged so that there is any obvious line of attack or defence. They are arranged so as to be ready to attack or defend in any portion of the board. A definite attack upon the king's side or the queen's side, or upon a pawn or a piece, compromises the position. The player is bound, to a certain extent, by his expressed intention. Such attacks frequently suc- [p. 27] ceed; but only because the opponent has already made a still greater mistake, has failed in sound development in some one point. Of this method Mr Stuart shows absolute command in his domestic affairs. And his proposals for dealing with the greatest social and international problems are equally deep and dulcet. He would not put anything right. He would gently rearrange things so that they went right of their own accord.

Evidences of such proposals are to be found in these amazing letters. Let the reader then consider carefully this matter. Let him understand that in Mr Stuart we have not merely the wise man, or the strong man, or the good man, but the necessary man. The eyes are clear, the heart is pure, and the hand works in entire harmony with them. When the anarchy which exists in this country becomes obvious to its people, and the dictator is required to bring order out of chaos, they have only to turn to the portrait at the commencement of this volume, and exclaim: Ecce Homo!

ALEISTER CROWLEY NEW YORK, *June*, 1916.

PROTESTS HE IS NOT THE AUTHOR OF BOOK WRITTEN BY STUART X

[The Washington Post, 2 October 1916, p. 9.]

Editor Post: I am at a loss to conceive how I obtained a reputation for playing practical jokes upon the universe, but I have it.

Recently, I wrote an imbecile introduction to a book by "Stuart X," who is a solid—in fact, unusually solid—citizen of Washington, D.C., and really exists, so far as anything really exists, and really wrote the book published under his name.

Now all Europe is pleased to support that I simply invented "Stuart X," as I have so often done with authors and the more I protest, and the more "Stuart X" protests, that he is a real person the more flattering become the letters that I receive with regard to my cleverness in creating him. They all say: "No, it won't do, Crowley; we know you."

I have tried photographs, specimens of handwriting, evidence of independent persons of perfect integrity who swear to his separate existence; all only goes to show my determination and ability to keep up my practical joke.

As Anatole France is the latest victim I feel compelled to appeal to you for advice.

But I am afraid that even if you appointed a commission to explore the wilds of Washington, "Stuart X" lives within a stone's throw of the coyotes in the zoo—my friends would only say, "Good for Crowley! He fooled even the Washington Post!"

Que faire?

I can only reiterate, between spasms of helpless laughter, that "Stuart X" is a real person not myself.

ALEISTER CROWLEY Bristol, N. H.

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